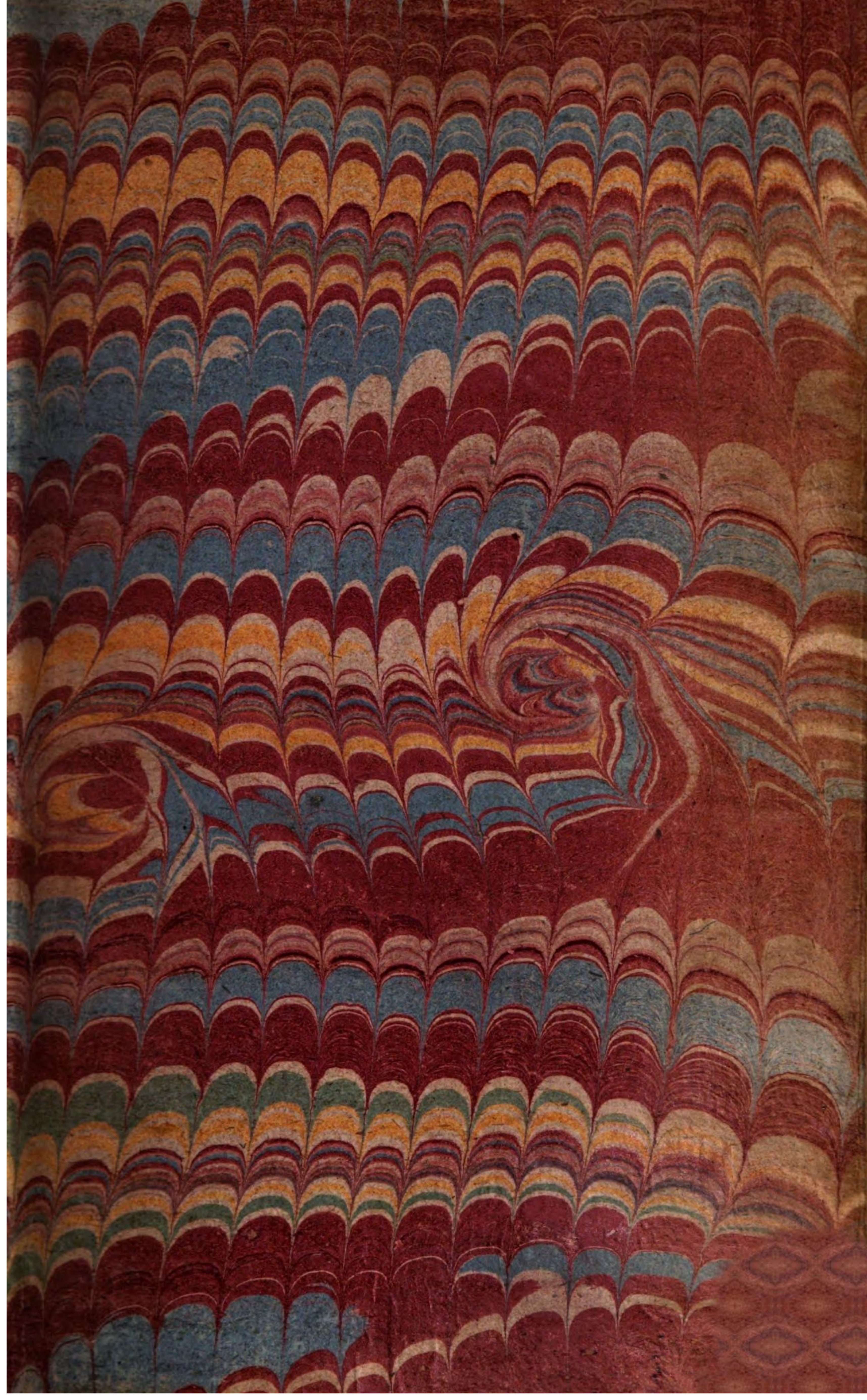


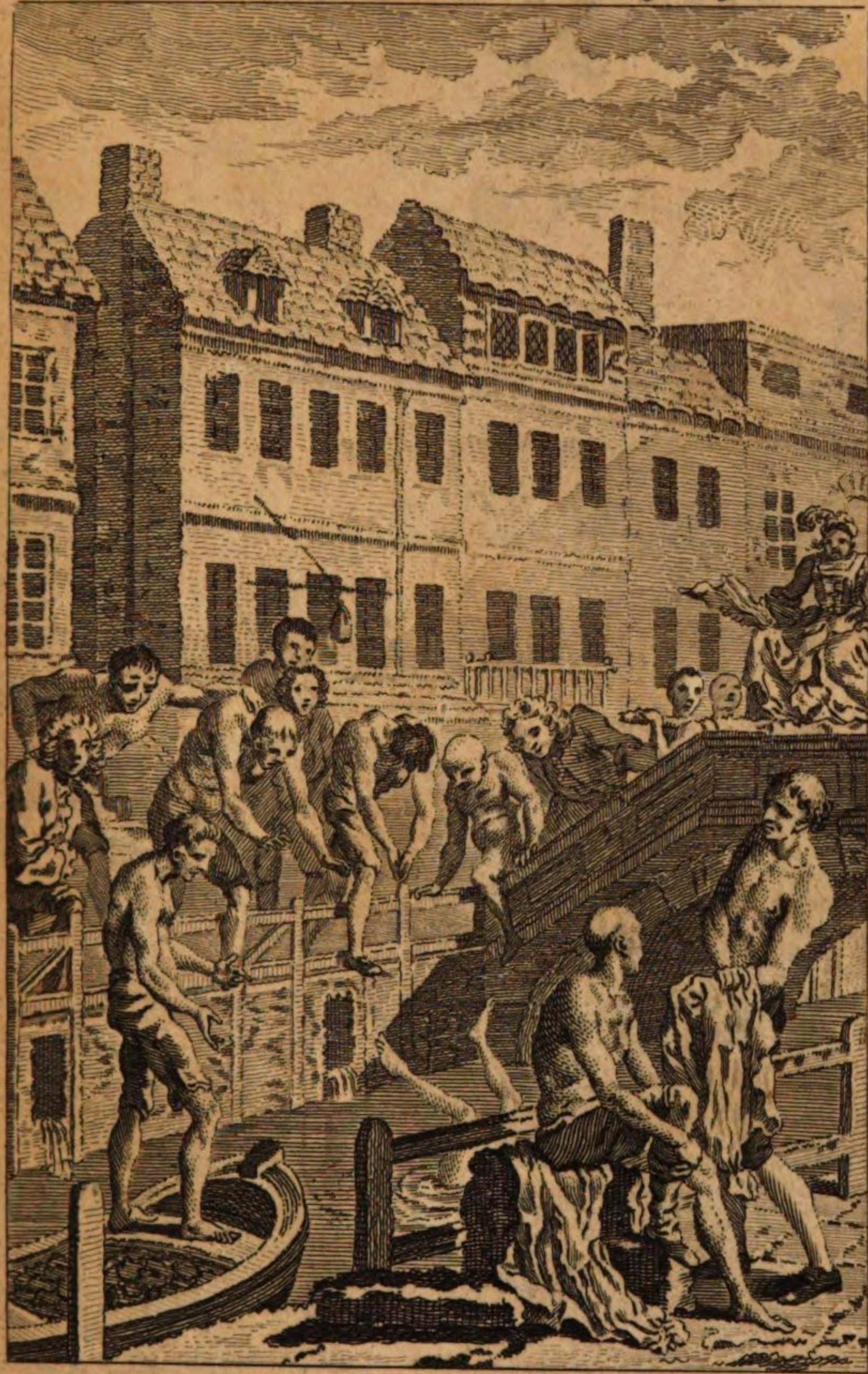






po o angl. 285^u /
Pope 5

B. L. angl. pag. 130.



Here strip my Children! here at once leap in!
Here prove who best can dash thro' thick & thin.

Dunciad Book II.

THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME V.
CONTAINING THE
DUNCIAD
IN
FOUR BOOKS.

LONDON,

Printed for A. MILLAR; J. and R. TONSON;
H. LINTOT; and C. BATHURST.

MDCCLVII.

THE
COMMONS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

DUNSTON
IN
FOUR BOOKS.

LONDON

Printed for A. MILLAR; J. and R. TONSON;
H. LINTOT; and C. BATHURST.

MDCCLXII

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THE
DUNCIAD,

IN
FOUR BOOKS,

WITH THE
PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS,

THE
HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS,

AND
NOTES VARIORUM.

VOL. V.

A

THE
DUNCIAD

IN
FOUR BOOKS

WITH THE
PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS

THE
HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS

AND
NOTES VARIORUM

VOL. V.

A
L E T T E R
T O T H E
P U B L I S H E R,

Occasioned by the first correct
Edition of the D U N C I A D.

IT is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY: A Work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such *Notes* as have occurred to me I herewith send you: You will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an Orphan of so much genius and spirit, which

its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a Person, whose Friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to Truth, than to him or to any man living, engaged me in enquiries, of which the enclosed *Notes* are the fruit.

I perceived, that most of these Authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, 'till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: Nobody was either concerned or surprized if this or that scribler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. POPE one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: A stratagem, which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful Superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: Ill success in that had transported them to Personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his Friends. They had called Men of virtue and honour bad Men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers: And some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, 'till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. POPE done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done

TO THE PUBLISHER. y

since? He has laughed, and written the DUNCIAD. What has that said of them! A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: And what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his Writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his Country. But when his Moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by Authors *without names*; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other Party, in the unhappy divisions of their Country) have insulted the Fallen, the Friendless, the Exil'd, and the Dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number, who have long loved and esteemed Mr. POPE; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and

loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their Writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a Gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their titles^a, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the Meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, Obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts;

^a Which we have done in a List printed in the Appendix.

TO THE PUBLISHER. vi

Morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good Writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Baily, for lesser crimes than Defamation, (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there) but sure it can be none here: For who will pretend that the robbing another of his Reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But Poverty is here the accident, not the subject: He who describes Malice and Villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against Paleness or Leanness, but against Malice and Villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but Poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with Robbers, and the garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings; must Poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for Satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for Ridicule; But whether Bread or Fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his Friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his Admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If Obscurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should Folly or Dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal Deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes an object of Ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must Dulness when he sets up for a Wit. They are not ridiculed because Ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally Fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of JUVENAL to the Damon of BOILEAU.

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greatest Poet and most judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his Judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their Su-

periors, in the general esteem of their Equals, and in their extended reputation amongst Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations ^b. But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own Writings, and in the Notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by BOILEAU.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English Poet the more amiable. He has

^b Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris 1728. and in Italian verse, by the Abbé Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse.; by Monsieur Silhouet, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

not been a follower of Fortune or Success; he has lived with the Great without flattery; been a friend to Men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done Him in his Friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power, or out of fashion &c. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the Greatest and Best of all Parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their Friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through Guilt, through Shame, or through Fear, through variety of Fortune, or change of Interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of Humanity, to see all along, that our Author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of

As Mr. Wycherly, at the time the Town declaimed against his book of Poems; Mr. Walth, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death: Others only in Epitaphs.

others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.

I am

Your most humble servant,

St. James's,
Dec. 22, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND^d.

^a This Gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the Peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England; in which, having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other assistance of Fortune; he was suddenly displaced by the Minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of Universal Learning, and an enlarged Conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his Friend, or a sincerer attachment to the Constitution of his Country.—And yet, for all this, the public will not allow him to be the Author of this Letter.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

Prolegomena and Illustrations

TO THE

DUNCIAD:

WITH THE

Hyper-critics of ARISTARCHUS.

MARTINUS SCRIBERUS

112

Prolegomena and Illustrations

TO THE

DUNICIA D.

WILLIAMS

History of the

 DENNIS, Remarks on Pr. ARTHUR.

I CANNOT but think it the most *reasonable* thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an *ill-natured* thing, in relation even to the very *persons* upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a *short profit* and a *transitory reputation*; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very *unfit*, and to have recourse to *something* in which they may be more successful.

CHARACTER of Mr. P. 1716.

THE *Persons* whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part *Authors*, and most of those *Authors*, *Poets*: And the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

IT is the common cry of the *Poetasters* of the town, and their fautors, that it is an *ill-natured thing* to expose the *Pretenders* to wit and poetry. The Judges and Magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with *Ill-nature* for putting the Laws

in execution against a Thief or Impostor—The same will hold in the republic of Letters, if the Critics and Judges will let every *ignorant pretender* to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, Letter to Mist, June 22, 1728.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either against *Failures in Genius*, or against the *Pretensions of writing without one*.

CONCANEN, Ded. to the Author of the
DUNCIAD.

A *Satire upon Dulness* is a thing that has been used and allowed in *All-Ages*.

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribler !

TESTIMONIES OF

AUTHORS

CONCERNING

our PoET and his WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern Authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet: Various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent Wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou may'st not only receive the delectation of Variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be

enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the Person as well as Genius, and of the Fortune as well as Merit, of our Author: In which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We proposed to begin with his Life, Parentage, and Education: But as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith^a, he was educated at home another^b, that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third^c, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth^d, that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor: One saith^e, he was kept by his father on purpose; a second^f, that he was an itinerant priest; a third^g, that he was a parson; one^h calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; anotherⁱ, a monk. As little do they agree about his Father, whom one^k supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another^l, a husband-man; another^m, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a father, as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a Dæmon: For thus Mr. Gildonⁿ: "Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam,

^a Giles Jacob's Lives of Poets, vol. ii. in his Life. ^b Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Crit. p. 4. ^c Dunciad dissected, p. 4.
^d Guardian, No 40. ^e Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii. ^f Dunciad dissected, p. 4.
^g Farmer P. and his son. ^h Dunc. dissect.
ⁱ Characters of the times, p. 45. ^k Female Dunc. p. ult. ^l Dunc. dissect.
^m Roome, Paraphrase on the ivth of Genesis, printed 1729.
ⁿ Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a

“ but the Devil ; and that he wanted nothing but horns
 “ and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal Fa-
 “ ther.” Finding therefore, such contrariety of opinions,
 and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being
 fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the
 life of our Poet, ’till authors can determine among them-
 selves what Parents or Education he had, or whether he
 had any Education or Parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, tho’
 not less uncertain the judgments concerning them ; begin-
 ning with his ESSAY ON CRITICISM, of which hear first
 the most antient of Critics,

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

“ His precepts are false or trivial, or both ; his thoughts
 “ are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his
 “ numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and
 “ common ;—instead of majesty, we have something that
 “ is very mean ; instead of gravity, something that is very
 “ boyish ; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we
 “ have but too often obscurity and confusion.” And in
 another place : “ What rare *numbers* are here ! Would not
 “ one swear that this youngster had espoused some anti-
 “ quated Muse, who had sued out a divorce from some
 “ superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and
 “ who being poxed by her former spouse, has got the
 “ gout in her decrepid age, which makes her *hobble so*
 “ *damnably* o.”

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical
 Historian.

Mr. OLDMIXON.

“ I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in
 “ verse ; but if any more curious reader has discovered

Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the
 Dunciad (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page,
 declared Gildon to be author of that libel ; though in the subsequent
 editions of his key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the
 Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

o Reflections critical and satyrical on a Rhapsody, called, an Essay
 on Criticism, Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

“ in it something *new* which is not in Dryden’s prefaces
 “ dedications, and his essay on dramatic poetry, not to
 “ mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have
 “ the benefit of the discovery p.”

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the
 modest and simple minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED,

Who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him,
 doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of
 Buckingham’s, and the Criticisms of Dryden, and of Ho-
 race, which he more openly taxeth q: “ As to the nu-
 “ merous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and
 “ prose, that have been written by the moderns on this
 “ ground-work, they do but *hackney the same thoughts over*
 “ *again*, making them still more *trite*. Most of their
 “ pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of *common*
 “ *place*. Horace has even in his art of Poetry thrown
 “ out several things which plainly shew, he thought an
 “ Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing
 “ one.”

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose
 that of

Mr. ADDISON.

“ r The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was publish-
 “ ed some months since, is a master-piece in its kind.
 “ The observations follow one another, like those in
 “ Horace’s Art of Poetry, without that methodical regula-
 “ rity which would have been requisite in a prose writer.
 “ They are some of them *uncommon*, but such as the
 “ reader must assent to, when he sees them explained
 “ with that ease and perspicuity in which they are deli-
 “ vered. As for those which are the *most known* and the
 “ *most received*, they are placed in so beautiful a light,
 “ and illustrated with such apt illusions, that they have in
 “ them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader,

p Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728. by the author of the
 Critical History of England. q Preface to his Poems, p. 18. 53.
 r Spectator, No. 253.

“ who was before acquainted with them, still more con-
 “ vinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me
 “ leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well
 “ enlarged upon in the preface to his works : That wit
 “ and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing
 “ things that are new, as in giving things that are known
 “ an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in
 “ the latter ages of the world, to make observations in
 “ criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have
 “ not been touched upon by others ; we have little else
 “ left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind
 “ in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon
 “ lights. If a reader examines Horace’s Art of Poetry,
 “ he will find but few precepts in it which he may not
 “ meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly
 “ known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way
 “ of expressing and applying them, not his invention of
 “ them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

“ Longinus, in his reflections, has given us the same
 “ kind of sublime, which he observes in the several pas-
 “ sages that occasioned them : I cannot but take notice
 “ that our English author has after the same manner ex-
 “ emplified several of the precepts in the very precepts
 “ themselves.” He then produces some instances of a
 particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with say-
 ing, that “ there are three poems in our tongue of the
 “ same nature, and each a master-piece in its kind ; The
 “ Essay on Translated Verse ; the Essay on the Art of
 “ Poetry ; and the Essay on Criticism.”

Of WINDSOR FOREST, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

“ s That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ
 in emulation of the Cooper’s Hill of Sir John Denham :
 “ The author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected,
 “ is temerarious, is barbarous t.”

s Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remark on Pope’s Homer,
 1717.

t Printed 1728, p. 12.

But the author of the Dispensary,

Dr. GARTH.

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: "Those who have seen these two excellent
" poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor Forest, the one
" written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope
" will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of
" this."

Of the Epistle of ELOISA, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That because Prior's
" Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our au-
" thor writ his Eloise, *in opposition to it*; but forgot inno-
" cence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts,
" and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembles that of a French taylor on a villa and gardens by the Thames: "All this
" is very fine, but take away the river, and it is good for
" nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr. PRIOR

himself, saying in his *Alma* v,

O *Abelard*! ill fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth.
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's song:
Dan *Pope*, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A filken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture blebs, &c.

Come we now to his translation of the *ILIAD*, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

v *Alma*, Cant. ii.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a "laudable translation w." That ready writer

Mr. OLDMIXON

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extolls it x, "The spirit of Homer breathes all
" through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether I
" should most admire the justness to the original, or the
" force and beauty of the language, or the founding va-
" riety of the numbers : But when I find all these meet,
" it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his
" heroes, That he alone raised and flung with ease a
" weighty stone, that two common men could not lift
" from the ground ; just so, one single person has per-
" formed in this translation, what I once despaired to have
" seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of sinking in reputation, (printed in Mist's Journal, March 30, 1728.) where he says thus : " In order to sink in reputation, let him
" take it into his head to descend into Homer (let
" the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got
" there) and pretend to do him into English, so his ver-
" sion denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange Variation ! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

" That this translation of the Iliad was not in all re-
" spects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr.
" Addison ; infomuch that he employed a *younger muse*,
" in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised
" himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words :

w In his Essays, vol. i. printed for E. Curl. x Cenfor, vol. ii, n. 33.

Mr. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, No 40.

“ When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am
 “ in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those
 “ who have improved our language with the translations
 “ of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already
 “ most of their Historians in our own tongue, and,
 “ what is more for the honour of our language, it has
 “ been taught to express with elegance the greatest of
 “ their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our
 “ own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden’s
 “ Virgil of the most perfect Epic performance. And
 “ those parts of Homer which have been published al-
 “ ready by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the
 “ Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage
 “ to that immortal poem.”

As to the rest there is a slight mistake, for this *younger muse* was an *elder*: Nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employ’d by Mr. Addison to translate it *after him*, since he saith himself that he did it *before y.* Contrariwise that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed sometime before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713. Where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespear on the stage: “ Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. THEOBALD, *Mist’s Journal*, June 8, 1728,) “ publish such an author as he has least studied, and forgot “ to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this “ project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a “ competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an “ exorbitant subscription.” Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the *Proposal* below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in

y Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickel’s translation of the first book of the Iliad, 4to.

the same Journalist of June 8, "The bookseller propos-
 " ed the book by subscription, and raised some thou-
 " sands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman
 " did *not* share in the profits of this extravagant sub-
 " scription.

" After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728)

" the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having se-
 " cured the success by a numerous subscription, he em-
 " ployed some *underlings* to perform what, according to
 " his proposals, should come from his own hands." To
 which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but
 the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY.

(printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

" I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for
 " Shakespear belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: And that
 " the benefit of *this Proposal* is not solely for my own use,
 " but for that of *two of my friends*, who have *assisted me*
 " *in this work*." But these very gentlemen are extolled
 above our poet himself in another of Mist's Journals,
 March 30, 1728. saying, " That he would not advise
 " Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great
 " part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous
 " parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and re-
 " tard the declension of the whole." Behold! these
Underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed,
 the subscription was begun without declaration of such
 assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term
 is) secured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Vis-
 count HARCOURT, were he living, would testify, and
 the right honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living,
 doth testify, the same is a falshood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of
 whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be

falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

“ Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public.” Which surely cannot be, if as the author of the *Dunciad* dissected reporteth; “ Mr. Wycherly had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest Peers and brightest Wits then living.”

“ No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public.” Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription Mr. Addison procured to our author; let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lye; witness those persons of integrity, who several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel but a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own Journals, and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince the truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit Plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited,

JAMES-MOORE SMITH Gent.

“^z Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman procured a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

“ These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life time, and out of a public print.” Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who has informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that, “ These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them,” &c. Surely if we add the testimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq; and others who knew them as our author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play; it is hoped, the ingenious that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

Mr. JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

“ The Memoirs of a Parish clerk was very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our Religion and Constitution, and who has been dead many years.” This seemeth almost untrue;

^z Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.
1728.

a Daily Journal, April 3,

it being known to divers that these memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who prest Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "Contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted, not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

J O H N Duke of B U C K I N G H A M.

sums up his character in these lines;

" b And yet so wond'rous, so sublime a thing,
" As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing.

b Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.

“ Unless I justly could at once commend
 “ A good companion, and as firm a friend;
 “ One moral, or a mere *well-natur'd* deed,
 “ Can all desert in sciences exceed.”

So also is he decyphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

“ c Say wondrous youth, what column wilt thou chuse
 “ What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant Muse?
 “ Tho' each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
 “ Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine,
 “ Go to the *good* and *just*, an awful train!
 “ *Thy soul's delight*,——

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. WALTER HART.

in this apostrophe:

“ d O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
 “ Blest in thy *life*, and blest in all thy *lays*,
 “ Add that the *sisters* ev'ry thought refine,
 “ And ev'n thy *life* be *faultless* as thy line.
 “ Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 “ Obscures the *virtue*, and defames the Muse.
 “ A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
 “ Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.”

The witty and moral satyrist

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

“ e Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muse's train,
 “ Nor hears that *Virtue*, which he *loves*, complain?

c Poem prefixed to his works.
 Lintot. e Universal passion, Sat. I.

d In his poem printed for B.

Mr. M A L L E T,

In his epistle on Verbal Criticism :

“ Whose life severely scan'd, transcends his lays ;
 “ For wit supreme, is but his second praise.”

Mr. H A M M O N D,

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

“ Now fir'd by Pope and *Virtue*, leave the age,
 “ In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
 „ And trace the author thro' his moral page,
 “ Whose blameless life still answers to his song,

Mr. T H O M S O N,

In his elegant and philosophical poem of the seasons:

“ Altho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
 “ Yet is his *life* the more endearing song.”

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk

Mr. W I L L I A M B R O O M E.

“ f Thus, nobly rising in fair *Virtue's* cause,
 “ From thy own *life* transcribe th' *unerring laws*.”

And, to close all, hear the reverend Dean of St. Patrick's :

“ A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
 “ By Patriots, Priests, and Poets taught:
 “ Whose filial piety excells
 “ Whatever Grecian story tells.
 “ A genius for each bus'ness fit,
 “ Whose meanest talent is his wit,” &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: First again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

f In his Poems, and at the end of the *Odyssy*.

Mr. JOHN DENNIS,

Who, in his reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him: “A little affected hypocrite, who has
 “nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship,
 “good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so
 “great a lover of falsehood, that, whenever he has a mind
 “to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with
 “some defect which is just *contrary to some good quality*, for
 “which all their *friends and their acquaintance* commend
 “them. He seems to have a particular pique to *People*
 “*of Quality*, and authors of that rank. He must derive
 “his religion from St. Omer’s.”—But to the character of
 Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716,) he saith, “Though he is a professor of the worst religion,
 “yet he *laughs at it*,” but that “nevertheless, he is a vi-
 “rulent Papist; and yet a *Pillar* for the *Church of England*.”
 Of both which opinions

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in Mist’s Journal of June 22, 1718. “That if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it
 “his practice to cackle to both *parties* in their own senti-
 “ments.” But, as to his *pique* against *People of quality*, the
 same Journalist doth not agree, but saith, (May 8, 1728.)
 “He had, by some means or other, the *acquaintance* and
 “*friendship* of the *whole body of our nobility*.”

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, “That he is a creature that reconciles all
 “contradictions; he is a beast, and a man; a Whig and
 “a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of *g* Guar-
 “dians and Examiners; an Assertor of liberty, and of
 “the dispensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of
 “truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour.” So
 that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him ei-
 ther to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest

g The names of two weekly papers.

man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a *price set on his head*, and to be hunted down as a *wild beast*^h. Another protests that he does not know *what may happen*; advises him to *insure his person*; says he has *bitter enemies*, and expressly declares it will be well if he *escapes with his life*ⁱ. One desires he would *cut his own throat, or hang himself*^k. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament, then under prosecution^l. Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a *Minister*, that he is one of the most *dangerous persons in this kingdom*^m; and assureth the public, that he is an *open and mortal enemy* to his *country*; a monster, that *will*, one day, shew as *daring a soul* as a *mad Indian*, who runs a *muck* to kill the first Christians he meetsⁿ. Another gives information of *Treason* discovered in his poem^o. Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *Kings and Princesses*^p. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the Two most SACRED NAMES in this nation, as members of the Dunciad^q!

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest enemies have (I know not how) born testimony to some merit in him.

Mr. THEOBALD.

in censuring his Shakespear, declares, "He has so great

^h Theobald, Letter in Mift's Journal, June 22, 1728. ⁱ Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14, 16. ^k Gulliveriana, p. 332.
^l Anno 1723. ^m Anno 1729. ⁿ Preface to Rem.
 on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.
^o Page 6, 7. of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intituled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo 1712.
^p Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18. ^q A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

“ an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an opinion of his
 “ genius and excellencies; that notwithstanding he professes
 “ a veneration almost rising to Idolatry for the writings
 “ of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to
 “ do him justice, at the expence of that other gentleman’s
 “ character.^r”

Mr. CHARLES GILDON, after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, “ That Mr. Pope would
 “ be prevailed upon to give us Ovid’s Epistles by his
 “ hand, for it is certain we see the original of Sappho
 “ to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his ver-
 “ sion, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And this he
 “ adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English
 “ tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally
 “ written upon Love’s.” He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

Mr. OLDMIXON. calls him a great master of our tongue; declares “ the
 “ purity and perfection of the English language to be
 “ found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good
 “ verses in Dryden’s Virgil than in any other work, ex-
 “ cept this of our author only t.”

The Author of a Letter to Mr. CIBBER. says, “ v Pope was so good a versifier [*once*] that his prede-
 “ cessor Mr. Dryden, and his cotemporary Mr. Prior
 “ excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to any
 “ body’s. And, that he had all the merit, that a man
 “ can have that way.” And

Mr. THOMAS COOKE, after much blemishing our author’s Homer, crieth out,

^r Introduction to his Shakespear restored, in quarto, p. 3. ^s Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham’s Essay, octavo, 1721, p. 97, 98. ^t In his prose Essay on Criticism. ^v Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

“ But in his other works what beauties shine,
 “ While sweetest music dwells in ev’ry line!
 “ These he admir’d, on these he stamp’d his praise,
 “ And bade them live to brighten future days w.”

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE.

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell x, in that poem, which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope, confesseth,

“ ’Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
 “ (Tun’d justly high, or regularly low)
 “ That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
 “ Pope more than we can offer should receive:
 “ For when some gliding river is his theme,
 “ His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream,” &c.

MIST’S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, “ The smooth numbers of the Dunciad
 “ are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;
 “ yet that same paper hath these words:” “ The author
 “ is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant
 “ versification. *In all his works* we find the most *happy turns*,
 “ and *natural similies*, wonderfully short and thick sown.”

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25. it is very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this Poem, is bestowed by our Laureate,

Mr. COLLEY CIBBER,

who “ grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than ever
 “ was writ:” but adds, “ it was a victory over a parcel
 “ of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to
 “ conquer.—A man might as well triumph for having
 “ killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he
 “ have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they

w Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.
 Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.

x Printed under the title of the

“ had all been buried in oblivion y.” Here we see our excellent Laureate allows the justice of the satire on every man in it, but *himself*; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

Mr. DENNIS and Mr. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works (the forecited character, p. 5.) do in concert ^z confess, “ That some men of
“ *good understanding* value him for his rhymes.” And (p.
“ 17.) that he has got like Mr. Bays in the Rehearsal,
“ (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable knack at rhyming
“ and writing smooth verse.”

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

“ Auspicious bard ! while all admire thy strain,
“ All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain ;

y Cibber’s Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9, 12. ^z *in concert*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place, “ As to my writing in *concert* with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in *concert* with any one man whatsoever. And these two Letters from Gildon will plainly shew that we are not writers in *concert* with each other.

Sir,

—The height of my ambition is to please Men of the best Judgment ; and finding that I have entertained my Master agreeably, I have the extent of the Reward of my Labour.

Sir,

I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent Pamphlet ’till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.

CH. GILDON.

“ Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to
“ another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to
“ whom he sends them ?” Dennis, Rem. on the Dunc. p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

“ I, whom no bribe to servile flatt’ry drew,
 “ Must pay the tribute to thy merit due :
 “ Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear;
 “ Alike informs the Soul, and charms the Ear,”

And

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote a to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said Essay : “ I must own, after the reception
 “ which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately
 “ met with, I was surpris’d to see what I had long despair’d,
 “ a performance deserving the name of a poet.
 “ Such, Sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation,
 “ and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of
 “ weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest
 “ manner,” &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies ; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad ! “ A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and
 “ taste, the *approbation* this essay meets with^b— I can
 “ safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had *success* infinitely beyond their merit.—This, though an empty, has been a *popular* scrib-
 “ ler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him
 “ *reputation* c.—If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spencer, Lord Bacon, Ben. Johnson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from
 “ this country, for these last hundred years, I should shift
 “ the scene, and shew all that penury changed at once to
 “ riot and profuseness ; and more squandered away upon
 “ *one object*, than would have satisfied the greater part of

a In a letter under his hand, dated March 19, 1733. b Dennis,
 Pref. to his reflect. on the essay on Criticism. c Pref. to his Rem,
 on Homer.

“ those extraordinary men ; the reader to whom this one
 “ creature should be unknown, would fancy him a pro-
 “ digy of art and nature, would believe that all the great
 “ qualities of these persons were centered in him alone.—
 “ But if I should venture to assure him, that the PEOPLE
 “ of ENGLAND had made such a choice—the reader
 “ would either believe me a *malicious enemy*, and *slanderer* ;
 “ or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne’s) *Ministry*
 “ was designed by fate to encourage *Fools* d.”

But it happens, that this our Poet never had any Place, Pension, or Gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious Queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer of 200 *l.* from King George I, and 100 *l.* from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our Author’s Success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. DENNIS e ascribes to him *two Farces*, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that *there is not one jest in them*: And an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us *it is much more execrable than all his works* f. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728. assures us, “ He is below Tom. Durfey in the
 “ Drama, because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage
 “ Hater matched, and the Boarding School are better
 “ than the What-d’-ye-call-it ;” which is not Mr. P’s, but Mr. Gay’s. Mr. GILDON assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48. “ That he was writing a *Play* of the
 “ Lady Jane Grey ;” but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe’s. We are assured by another, “ He wrote a pamphlet
 “ called Dr. Andrew Tripe g ;” which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff’s. Mr. THEOBALD assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, “ That the treatise of the *Profound* is
 “ very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it.” The

d Rem. on Homer, p. 8, 9.
 ter of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

e Ibid. p. 8.

f Character

g Ibid. p. 6.

writer of *Gulliveriana* is of another opinion; and says, “the whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver h.” [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured in *Mist* of June 8, “That his own *Plays* and *Farces* would better have adorned the *Dunciad*, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for Tragedy nor Comedy.” Which whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend’s Play abused, was an infallible proof the Play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: “Now let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child?”

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any Candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any Modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of Boldness and Madness to a prodigy k: If he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public l. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which had not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author’s name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it

h Gulliv. p. 336. i Cibber’s Letter to Mr. P. p. 193. k Burnet’s *Homerides*, p. 1. of his translation of the *Iliad*. l The London and *Mist*’s Journal, on his undertaking the *Odyssey*.

upon that author to be yet better concealed: If it resembled any of his styles, then it was evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most Commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their Author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, That his Capacity was boundless, as well as his Imagination; that he was a perfect master of all Styles; and all Arguments; and that there was in those times no other Writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the Testimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not. P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

Of the POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *Form*, and saith Horace) who adapted the *Measure*, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet. For of Epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssy gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the Hero, or chief personage of it was no less *obscure*, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this personage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the first*; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad*; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first Epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssy.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did con-

ceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad*! since in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and oil than an imitation of the greater Epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) Paper also became so cheap, and Printers so numerous, that a deluge of Authors covered the land: whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the Press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either: for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of Publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the Town would call for it.

^a Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, *the only way that was left*. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such Authors, namely *Dulness* and *Poverty*; the

^a Vide Bossu, Du Poeme Epique ch. viii,

one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *Allegory*^b (as the construction of Epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these Goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. ^c He proceedeth to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce^d: then the *materials*, or *stock*, with the which they furnish them^e; and (above all) that *self-opinion*^f, which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these Goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Indultry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some *one, great and remarkable action*^g: And none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, *viz.* the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the City to the polite World; as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his Poem the whole history of the Trojan War; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *single action* the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A *Person* must next be fixed upon to support this Action. This *Phantom* in the poet's mind must have a *Name*^h: He finds it to be——; and he becomes of course the Hero of the poem.

The *Fable* being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the *Machinery* is a continued chain of Allegories, setting forth the whole Power, Ministry, and Empire of Dulness, ex-

^b Bossu, chap. vii.

^c Book. I. ver. 32, &c.

^d Ver.

45 to 54.

^e Ver. 57 to 77.

^f Ver. 80.

^g Ibid.

chap. vii, viii.

^h Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap. ix.

tended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Episodes*, each of which hath its Moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The Crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other Episodes of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole World. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: The first concerneth the plagiarist, to whom he giveth the name of More; the second the libelous Novellist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noisy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he could find.

As for the *Characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult: And certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, “ a parcel
“ of poor wretches, so many silly flies ⁱ: but adds, our Au-
“ thor’s Wit is remarkably more bare and barren, when-
“ ever it would fall foul on Cibber, than upon any other
“ person whatever.”

The *Descriptions* are singular, the *Comparisons* very quaint, the *Narration* various, yet of one colour: The purity and chastity of *Diction* is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the *words* but only the *images* have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical Authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not

ⁱ Cibber’s Letter to Mr. P. p. 9. 12, 41.

so curiously wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the most grave Doctors, and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the Ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound Critic. How exact that Imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the Judgment, without diminishing the Imagination: which, by good Critics is held to be punctually at *forty*. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics*; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very *Acme* and pitch of life for Epic poesy; Though since he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his *Alfred* k. True it is, that the talents for *Criticism*, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper Age: But it is far otherwise in *Poetry*; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with Criticism, became afterwards such Poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason therefore did our author chuse to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the *Dunciad*. P.

k See his Essays.

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OF THE

HERO of the POEM.

OF the Nature of DUNCIAD in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the Art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the *Person* of the Hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates. For, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a gallic Critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a Hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern Undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt Heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the *children* of men; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknow-

ledged, an *Hero*, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, fatiated with the contemplation of these *Suns of glory*, she turneth downward on her wing; and darts, with Jove's lightning, on the *Goose* and *Serpent* kind. For we may apply to the Muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: *Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique iustosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, ut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.* Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the Gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil; and to hate evil men, from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the Muse arose the *little Epic*, (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the flegmatic.) And for this, some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an EXAMPLE. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the Father of Epic-poem himself, affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the greek dramatic Poets, his offspring; who in the composition of their *Tetralogy*, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a *Satiric Tragedy*. Happily, one of these ancient *Dunciads* (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the Tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal Contest of an *old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops*, with the heaven-directed *Favourite of Minerva*: who, after having quietly born all

the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his *forehead*. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete *Tetralogy*; in which, the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the *satyric* piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the Hero of the *greater Epic* should be an *honest Man*; or, as the french Critics express it, *un honnête homme* a: but it never admitted of any doubt, but that the Hero of the *little Epic* should be his very opposite. Hence, to the advantage of our *Dunciad*, we may observe, how much juster the *Moral* of that poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every Knave,) nor let me add) every Fool, that is a fit subject for a *Dunciad*. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of Qualities between the Heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what neoteric Critics call the *Parody*, one of the liveliest graces of the little-Epic. Thus it being agreed, that the constituent qualities of the greater-Epic Hero, are *Wisdom*, *Bravery*, and *Love* from whence springeth *heroic Virtue*; it followeth, that those of the lesser-Epic Hero should be *Vanity*, *Affurance*, and *Debauchery*, from which happy assemblage resulteth *heroic Dulness*, the never-dying subject of this our Poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true *Wisdom*, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of Will.—And are the advantages of *Vanity*, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not in the opinion of the

a Si un Heros Poétique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, du Poème Epique, lib. v. ch. 5.

enamoured owner, far beyond it? “ Let the world (will
 “ such an one say) impute to me what *Folly* or weakness
 “ they please; but till *Wisdom* can give me something
 “ that will make me more heartily happy, I am content
 “ to be GAZED AT ^b.” This, we see, is *Vanity* accord-
 ing to the *heroic* gage or measure; not that low and ig-
 noble species which pretendeth to *virtue* we have not;
 but the laudable ambition of being *gazed at* for glorying
 in those *vices*, which every body knows we have. “ The
 “ world may ask (says he) why I make my follies pub-
 “ lic? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly
 “ with them ^c.” In short, there is no sort of *Vanity* such
 a Hero would scruple, but that which might go near to
 degrade him from his high station in this our *Dunciad*;
 namely, “ Whether it would not be *Vanity* in him, to
 “ take shame to himself for *not being a wise man* ^d?

Bravery, the second attribute of the true Hero, is
 Courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its cor-
 respondent virtue in the mock Hero, is, that same Cou-
 rage all collected into the FACE. And as Power, when
 drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit
 than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of cou-
 rage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not
 only Men, but Gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the
 bravest character in all the *Æneis*: But how? His bra-
 very, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And
 can we say less of this brave man’s, who having told us
 that he placed “ his *Summum bonum* in those follies, which
 “ he was not content barely to possess but would like-
 “ wise glory in,” adds, “ *if I am misguided, ’TIS NA-*
 “ *TURE’S FAULT, and I follow HER* ^e.” Nor can we
 be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of
Courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it,
 which made his FACE “ more known (as he justly
 boasteth) “ than most in the kingdom;” and his *Language*
 to consist of what we must allow to be the most *daring*

^b Dedication to the Life of C. C.

^c Life, p. 2. octavo Edit.

^d Life, *ibid.*
^e Life, p. 23. octavo.

Figure of Speech, that which is taken from the *Name of God*.

Gentle Love, the next ingredient in the true Hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakespear calls it) *summer-teeming Lust*, and evaporates in the heat of *Youth*; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those *certain strainers* which our Poet somewhere speaketh of*. But when it is let alone to work upon the *Lees*, it acquireth strength by *Old age*; and becometh a lasting ornament to the little-Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use: For not only the ignorant may think it *common*, but it is admitted to be so, even by him who best knoweth its value, "Don't you think (argueth he) to say only a man has his Whore f, ought to go for little or nothing? Because defendit numerus, take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty g." But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: The man is sure enough a Hero, who hath his Lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a *whole well-spent Life*: not taking to himself the commendation (which *Horace* accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs, the same he was from the beginning,

" ————— *Servetur ad IMUM*

" *Qualis ab incepto processerat.* —————

But here, in justice both to the Poet and the Hero let us farther remark, that the calling her *his Whore*, implieth she was *his own*, and not his neighbour's. Truly

* " *Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,*
" *Is gentle Love, and charms all womankind.*

f Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot,

" *And has not Colly still his Lord and Whore,*
" *His Butchers Henley, his Free-Masons Moore?*

g Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

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a commendable Continnence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much Self-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that Society, where (according to this political calculator) *nine in ten* of all ages have their *concubines*!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either Hero. But it is not in any, nor in all of these, that Heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from Wisdom, Bravery, and Love, ariseth *Magnanimity*, the object of *Admiration*, which is the aim of the greater Epic; so from Vanity, Impudence, and Debauchery, springeth *Buffoonry*, the source of *Ridicule*, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it^h, of the little-Epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth, that not *Reason* but *Risibility* distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As Nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our Risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our *happiness*, as by our *Os sublime*, OUR ERECTED FACES, to lift the dignity of our *form* above them i." All this considered, how complete a Hero must he be, as well as how happy a Man, whose Risibility lieth not barely in his *muscles*, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very *spirits*? And whose *Os sublime* is not simply an ERECT FACE, but a *brazen head*; as should seem by his preferring it to one of *Iron*, said to belong to the late king of Sweden k.

But whatever personal qualities a Hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us, that all these are of small avail, without the constant *assistance of the Gods*: for the subversion and erection of Empires have

^h Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.
page 8.

ⁱ Life, p. 23, 24.

^k Letter,

never been adjudged the work of Man. How greatly
foever then may we esteem of his high talents, we can
hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to
restore the decayed empire of DULNESS. So weighty an
atchievement must require the particular favour and pro-
tection of the GREAT; who being the natural patrons
and supporters of *Letters*, as the ancient Gods were of
Troy, must first be drawn off, and engaged in another In-
terest, before the total subversion of them can be accom-
plished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest
difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed
Favourite and Intimado of the GREAT. And look, of
what force ancient piety was to draw the Gods into the
party of *Æneas*, that, and much stronger is modern In-
cense, to engage the Great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this
noble Imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will
be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the
making up a Hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his
character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace
of this picture, that *individual*, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED
PERSON, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circum-
stances have agreed to meet and centre, with the
strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the World itself
might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I
can't tell what *Sham Hero*, or *Phantom*: But it was not
so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious error
most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth
book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he re-
cognized his own heroic Acts: And when he came to the
words,

“ *Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines,*

(though *Laureat* imply no more than *one crowned with
laurel*, as becometh any associate or Consort in Empire)
he loudly resented this indignity to violated Majesty. In-
deed not without cause, he being there represented as *fast
asleep*; so misbecoming the Eye of Empire, which, like

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that of Jove, should never doze nor slumber. Hah!
 “saith he) fast asleep, it seems! that’s a little too
 “strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed
 “me, but as seldom asleep as any fool^l. However,
 the injured Hero may comfort himself with this reflexion,
 that tho’ it be a *sleep*, yet it is not the *sleep of Death*, but
 of *immortality*. Here he will ^m *live* at least, tho’ not
awake; and in no worse condition than many an en-
 charmed Warrior before him. The famous *Durandarte*,
 for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by
Merlin the British Bard and Necromancer: and his ex-
 ample, for submitting to it with a good grace, might be
 of service to our Hero. For that disastrous knight being
 sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several
persons of Quality, only replied with a sigh, *Patience, and*
shuffle the cards ⁿ.

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most
 sacred or perfect things either of Religion or Govern-
 ment, can escape the sting of Envy, methinks I already
 hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our He-
 ro’s title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient
 to make an Hero for the *Iliad* or *Æneis*, that Achilles
 was brave enough to overturn one Empire, or Æneas
 pious enough to raise another, had they not been God-
 des-born, and Princes bred. What then did this Au-
 thor mean, by erecting a Player instead of one of his Pa-
 trons, (a person “never a Hero even on the stage^o,”) to
 this dignity of Colleague in the empire of Dulness; and
 Atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor
 John of Leiden could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient an-
 swer from the roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque*
fortunæ: That every man is the Carver of his own fortune.
 The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still
 farther, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to *believe*

^l Letter, p. 53.
 Book ii. ch. 22.

^m Ibid. p. 1.
^o See Life, p. 148.

ⁿ Don Quixote, Part ii.

himself a Hero to be one of the worthiest that ever lived. “ Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of the “ highest things, and he will of course be able to atchieve “ them.” From this principle it followeth, that nothing can exceed our Hero’s prowess; as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragon himself; at one time, to ALEXANDER the Great and CHARLES the XII. of SWEDEN, for the excess and delicacy of his Ambition^p; to HENRY the IV. of FRANCE, for honest POLICY^q; to the first BRUTUS, for love of liberty^r; to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, for good Government while in power^s: At another time, to the godlike SOCRATES, for his Diversions and Amusements^t; to HORACE, MONTAIGNE, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired^v; to TWO Lord CHANCELLORS, for Law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence^w; and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord BISHOP of LONDON himself, in the art of writing *Pastoral letters* ^x.

Nor did his *Actions* fall short of the sublimity of his Conceit. In his early youth, he *met the Revolution* ^y face to face in Nottingham; at a time when his Betters contented themselves with *following* her. It was here he got acquainted with *Old Battle-array*, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal Odes. But he shone in Courts as well as Camps: He was *called up* when *the Nation fell in labour* of this *Revolution* ^z: and was a gossip at her christening, with the Bishop and the Ladies ^a.

As to his *Birth*, it is true he pretendeth to no relation either to heathen God or Goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a *Maker* of both ^b. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a Hero, as

p See Life, p. 149.	q P. 424.	r P. 366.	f P. 457.
t P. 18.	v P. 425.	w P. 436, 437.	x P. 52.
z P. 57.	a P. 58, 59.	b A Statuary.	y P. 47.

well by birth as education, was his own fault: For, his lineage he bringeth into his life as an Anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power *to be thought no body's son at all*^c: And what is that but coming into the world a Hero?

But be it, (the punctilious Laws of Epic Poesy so requiring, that a Hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had; even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our Hero's pedigree from a Goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and install him after the right classical and authentic fashion: For, like as the ancient Sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of FORTUNE in an artful *Gamester*. And who fitter than the Offspring of *Chance*, to assist in restoring the Empire of *Night* and *Chaos*.

There is in truth, another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this Hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well, that no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a Hero: this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of Fortune and Humour." But to this also we have an answer, which will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from *himself*; who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that *he will never change or amend*.

With regard to his *Vanity*, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in *Vanity*; a pleasure which neither the pertness of Wit, nor the gravity of Wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with^d." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it: But he telleth us plainly, "My superiors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look up-

“ on my *Follies* as the best part of my Fortune e.” And with good reason: We see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to *Buffoonry*, “ Is it (saith he) a time of
“ day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a
“ new character? I can no more put off my *Follies* than
“ my Skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close
“ to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with
“ them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of
“ mirth, &c. &c. f.” Having then so publickly declared
himself *incorrigible*, he is become *dead in law*, (I mean
the *law Epopæian*) and devolveth upon the Poet; is now
his property; and may be taken and dealt with like an
old egyptian Hero; that is to say, *emboweled* and *em-
balmed* for Posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder
his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate ef-
fect. A rare felicity! and what few Prophets have had
the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude bet-
ter than with that extraordinary one of his, which is
conceived in these Oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL
FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT g.

*Tandem PHÆBUS adest, morsusque inferre parentem
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, INDURAT hiatus h.*

W.

e P. 19. f P. 17. g Ibid, p. 243, octavo edit. h *Ovid*,
of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.



By AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us vest-
ed by the Act for subjecting Poets to the
Power of a Licenser, we have revised this
Piece; where finding the style and appel-
lation of KING to have been given to a
certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phan-
tom, of the name of TIBBALD; and ap-
prehending the same may be deemed in
some sort a Reflexion on Majesty, or at
least an insult on that Legal Authority
which has bestowed on another Person
the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the
said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom,
utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this
work: And do declare the said Throne
of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicat-
ed and vacant, unless duly and lawfully
supplied by the LAUREATE himself. And
it is hereby enacted, that no other person
do presume to fill the same.

OC. Ch.

T H E
D U N C I A D:
T O

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK the FIRST.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulness and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddes in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her Sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bays to be the Instrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is described pensive among his Books, giving up the Cause, and apprehending the Period of her Empire: After
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debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raises an Altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him Successor.



*Her ample Presence fills up all the Space
A Veil of Fogs dilates her an full Face.
Dunciad Book I.*

B O O K I.

TH E Mighty Mother, and her Son who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. I. *The Mighty Mother, &c.*] in the first Edit. it was thus,

Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.
Say, great Patricians ! since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous works (so Jove and fate require)
Say, for what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still——

R E M A R K S.

THE DUNCIAD.] It is an inconvenience, to which Writers of reputation are subject, that the justice of their resentment is not always rightly understood. For the calumnies of dull Authors being soon forgotten, and those whom they aimed to injure, not caring to recal to memory the particulars of false and scandalous abuse, their necessary correction is suspected of severity unprovoked. But, in this case, it would be but candid to estimate the chastisement on the general Character of the offender, compared with that of the person injured. Let this serve with the candid Reader, in justification of the *Poet*; and, on occasion, of the *Editor*.

The **DUNCIAD**, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the Etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the restorer of *Shakespeare* constantly observes the preservation of this very Letter *e*, in spelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careless Editors, with the omission of one,

I sing. Say you, her instruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;

REMARKS.

may sometimes of two *ee's*, (as *Shakspear*) which is utterly unpardonable. “Nor is the neglect of a *Single Letter* so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an Atchievement that brings honour to the Critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon.” THEOBALD.

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been since produced by an accurate Antiquary, an *Autograph* of *Shakspeare* himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first *e*. And upon this authority it was, that the most Critical Curators of his Monument in Westminster Abby erased the former wrong reading, and restored the true spelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian Granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same Monument the first specimen of an *Edition* of an author in *Marble*; where (as may be seen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in the space of five lines, two Words and a whole verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in Paper; as for the future, our learned Sister University (the other Eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a *Total new Shakspear*, at the Clarendon press. BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this great Critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the Inscription with the Name of *Shakspeare* was intended to be placed on the

IMITATIONS.

Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous works

—Dii cœptis (nam vos mutastis & illas.) Ovid. Met. 1.

Book I. THE DUNCIAD. 5

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst, 5
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;

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Marble Scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that Specimen of an Edition is put on the Scroll, which indeed Shakspeare hath great reason to point at. ANON.

Though I have as just a value for the letter *E*, as any Grammarian living, and the same affection for the name of this Poem as any Critic for that of his Author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade*; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is right, and two *ee*'s wrong. Yet upon the whole I shall follow the Manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all; moved thereto by Authority (at all times, with Critics, equal, if not superior to Reason.) In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr. Tho. Hearne; who if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reverence, and only remarks in the Margin *sic MS.* In like manner we shall not amend this error in the Title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. SCRIBLERUS.

This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect Edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in Octavo; and three others in twelves

IMITATIONS.

VER. 6. Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in Mac Flecno (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the *Dunciad*, p. 1.) but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,

And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.

Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

REMARKS.

the same year. But there was a perfect Edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with Notes. We are willing to acquaint Posterity, that this Poem was presented to King George the second and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the Preface to the first edition, that this Poem was not published by the Author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very *Hero* of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our Notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former Editor; that this Piece was presented by the Hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his Hero is the Man

——who brings

The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the *Laurel*.

It appears as plainly from the *Apostrophe* to the *Great* in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an Author in fashion, or carested by the Great: whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true Hero; who, above all other Poets of his time, was the *Peculiar delight* and *Chosen Companion* of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his Works at the *earnest Desire of Persons of Quality*.

Lastly, The sixth verse affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a *Son* so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, poli-

Book I. THE DUNCIAD.

In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,
E'er Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head, 10

REMARKS.

tical, and moral Capacities, that it could justly be said of him

Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first,

BENTL.

VER. I. *The Mighty Mother, and her Son, &c.*] The reader ought here to be cautioned, that the *Mother*, and not the *Son*, is the principal Agent of this poem: The latter of them is only chosen as her Collegue (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition) the main action of the poem being by no means the Coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the Restoration of the Empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last. W.

Ibid.—*her Son who brings, &c.*] Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former Critics and Commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the Critique prefixed to *Saturny*, a Poem, p. 5. hath been so dull as to explain *the Man who brings, &c.* not of the hero of the piece, but of our poet himself, as if he vaunted that *Kings* were to be his readers; an honour, which tho' this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

We remit this Ignorant to the first lines of the *Æneid*, assuring him that *Virgil* there speaketh not of himself, but of *Æneas*:

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Littora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto, &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a *Conjectural Emendation*, purely my own, upon each: First, *oris* should be read *aris*, it being, as we see, *Æn.* ii. 513. from the altar of *Jupiter Hercæus* that *Æneas* fled as soon as he saw *Priam* slain. In the second line I would read

Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Fate in their dotage this fair Ideot gave,
 Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind, 15
 She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.

REMARKS.

flatu for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *Winds* that he arrived at the *shore* of Italy. *factatus*, in the third, is surely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to say a man is *tost on land*, is much at one with saying *he walks at sea*: *Risum teneatis, amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be *vexatus*. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 2. *The Smithfield Muses*] *Smithfield* is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shews, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the Rabble, were, by the Hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-garden, Lincolns-inn fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleasures of the Court and Town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book iii.

VER. 4. *By Dulness, Jove, and Fate;*] i. e. By their *Judgments*, their *Interests*, and their *Inclinations*.

VER. 7. *Say how the Goddess, &c.*] The Poet ventureth to sing the *Action* of the Goddess; but the *Passion* she impresseth on her illustrious Votaries, he thinketh can be only told by themselves. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 12. *Daughter of Chaos, &c.*] The beauty of the whole Allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper business, as a Scholiast, to meddle with it: but leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the reader; remarking only that *Chaos* (according to *Hesiod's* Θεογονία) was the Progenitor of all the Gods. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 15. *Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, &c.*] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the reader, at the opening of this Poem, that *Dulness* here is not to

Still her old Empire to restore she tries,
For, born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.

REMARKS.

be taken contractedly for mere Stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all Slowness of Apprehension, shortness of Sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see by the Poet's own words) Labour, industry, and some degree of activity and Boldness: a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy turvy the Understanding, and inducing an Anarchy or confused State of Mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the characters, as well as of the Design of the Poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chuses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself, like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or (as one saith, on a like occasion)

Will see his Work like Jacob's ladder, rise,
Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies. BENTL.

VER. 16. *She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.*] The native Anarchy of the mind is that state which precedes the time of Reason's assuming the rule of the passions. But in that state, the uncontrolled violence of the passions would soon bring things to confusion, were it not for the intervention of DULNESS, in this absence of Reason; who, tho' she cannot regulate them like Reason, yet blunts and deadens their vigour; and indeed produces some of the good effects of it: Hence it is that *Dulness* has often the appearance of Reason. This is the only good she ever did; and the candid Poet is careful to tell it in the very introduction of his poem. It is to be observed indeed, that this is spoken of the universal rule of Dulness in ancient days; but we may form an idea of it from her partial government in latter times. W.

VER. 17. *Still her old Empire to restore*] This Restoration makes the completion of the action. *Vide* Book iv. W.

O Thou! whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver! 20
 Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
 Or praise the Court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
 From thy Bœotia tho' her Pow'r retires, 25
 Mourn not, my SWIFT, at ought our Realm acquires.

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 22. in the MS.

Or in the graver Gown instruct mankind,
 Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be understood, as the Poet says, *ironicè*, like the 23d Verse.

REMARKS.

VER. 20. *Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!*] The several Names and Characters he assumed, in his ludicrous, his splenetic, or his Party-writings; which take in all his works. W.

VER. 23.—*laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,*] The imagery is exquisite; and the equivoque in the last words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The *easy chair* suits his age: *Rab'lais' easy chair* marks his character: and he fills and possesses it as the right heir and successor of that original Genius. W.

VER. 24. *Or praise the Court, or magnify mankind,*] *Ironice*, alluding to *Gulliver's* representations of both. —The next line relates to the papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of *Wood's* Copper coin in *Ireland*, which, upon the great discontent of the People, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

VER. 26. *Mourn not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.*] *Ironice iterum*. The Politics of *England* and *Ireland* were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or in-

Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Close to those walls where folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. *Close to those Walls, &c.*] In the former Edd. thus,

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by emptiness;
Here in one bed two shiv'ring Sisters lie,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Var. *Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,*] *Rag-fair* is a place near the Tower of London, where old cloaths and frippery are sold.

Var. *A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;—*
Here in one Bed two shiv'ring Sisters lie,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.]

Hear upon this place the forecited Critic on the *Dunciad*.
“ These lines, (saith he) have no construction, or are non-
“ sense. The two shivering Sisters must be the sister-caves
“ of Poverty and Poetry, or the bed and cave of Po-
“ verty and Poetry must be the same, *questionless, if they*
“ *lie in one bed*] and the two Sisters the Lord knows who.”
O the construction of grammatical heads! *Virgil* writeth
thus: *Æn. i.*

REMARKS.

terfering with each other: Dr. *Swift* of course was in the interest of the latter, our Author of the former.

VER. 28. *To hatch a new Saturnian Age of lead.*] The ancient Golden Age is by Poets styled *Saturnian*, as being under the reign of Saturn but in the Chemical language *Saturn* is Lead. She is said here only to be spreading her wings to hatch this Age; which is not produced completely till the fourth book.

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand, 31
Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand;
One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

VARIATIONS.

Fronte sub adverfa scopulis pendentibus antrum :
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia faxo ;
Nympharum domus.——

May we not say in like manner, “ The nymphs must be
“ the waters and the stones, or the waters and the stones
“ must be the houses of the Nymphs ?” *Insulse!* The second line *Intus aquæ*, &c. is a parenthesis (as are two lines of our Author, *Keen hollow Winds* &c.) and it is the *Antrum*, and the *yawning Ruin*, in the line before that parenthesis, which are the *Domus* and the *Cave*.

Let me again, I beseech thee, Reader, present thee with another *Conjectural Emendation* on *Virgil's scopulis pendentibus*: He is here describing a place, whither the weary mariners of *Aeneas* repaired to dress their dinner.—*Fessi—frugesque receptas* & *torrere parant flammis*: What has *scopulis pendentibus* here to do? Indeed the *aquæ dulces* and *sedilia* are something; *sweet waters* to drink, and *seats* to rest on: the other is surely an error of the Copyists. Restore it, without the least scruple, *Populis prandentibus*.

But for this and a thousand more, expect our *Virgil* restor'd.
SCRIBLERUS.

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VER. 31. *By his fam'd father's hand,*] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-Laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artist.

VER. 53. *One Cell there is,*] The cell of poor Poetry is here very properly represented as a little *unindowed Hall* in the neighbourhood of the magnificent College of Bedlam; and

Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess, 35
 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.
 Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
 Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town,

REMARKS.

as the surest Seminary to supply those learned walls with professors. For there cannot be a plainer symptom of madness than for men to chuse poverty and contempt by scribbling, to

“ Escape in Monsters, and amaze the Town,
 when they might have benefited themselves and others in profitable and honest employments. The *qualities* and *productions* of the Students of this private Academy are afterwards described in this first book; as are also their *actions* throughout the second; by which it appears, how near allied Dulness is to Madness. This naturally prepares the reader for the subject of the third book, where we find them in union; and acting in conjunction to produce the Catastrophe of the fourth; a mad poetical Sibyl leading our Hero through the Regions of vision, to animate him in the present undertaking, by a view of the past triumphs of barbarism over Science. W.

VER. 34. *Poverty and Poetry.*] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who shall attentively observe that Humanity and Candor, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at Court, to ballads in the streets) not so much to malice or servility as to Dulness; and not so much to Dulness as to Necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his Satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirized.

VER. 37. *Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
 Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.*]

Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post: 40

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Ovid has given us a very orderly account of these *escapes*;

- " Sunt quibus in plures jus est transire figuras :
- " Ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, *Proteu* ;
- " Nunc violentus Aper ; nunc, quem tetigisse timerent,
- " Anguis eras ; modo te faciebant cornua Taurum :
- " Sæpe Lapis poteras. Met. viii.

Neither Palæphatus, Phurnutus, nor Heraclides give us any steady light into the mythology of this mysterious fable. If I be not deceived in a part of learning which has so long exercised my pen, by *Proteus* must certainly be meant a hacknied Town-scribler ; and by his transformations, the various disguises such a one assumes, to elude the pursuit of his natural enemy, the Bailiff. And in this light, doubtless Horace understood the fable, where speaking of *Proteus*, he says,

- " Quum RAPIES IN JUS *malis ridentem alienis*,
- " Fiet aper, &c.

Proteus is represented as one bred of the mud and slime of Egypt, the original soil of Arts and letters : and what, I pray you, is a Town-scribler, but a creature made up of the excrements of luxurious science ? By the change then into a *Boar*, is meant his character of a *furious and dirty Party-writer* ; the *Snake* signifies a *Libeller* ; and the *Horns of the Bull*, the *Dilemmas* of a *polemical Answerer*. These are the three great parts he assumes ; and when he has completed his circle, he sinks back again, (as the last change into a *Stone* denotes) into his natural state of immoveable Stupidity. Hence it is, that the Poet, where speaking at large of all these various Metamorphoses in the second Book, describes MOTHER OSBORNE, the great Antitype of our *Proteus*, in ver. 312. after all her changes, as at last quite *stupified to Stone*. If I may expect thanks of the learned world for this discovery, I would by no means

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES :

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VER. 41. in the former lines,

Hence hymning Tyburn's eligiac Lay,
Hence the soft sing song on Cecilia's Day.

VER. 42. Alludes to the annual Songs composed to Music on St. Cecilia's Feast.

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deprive that excellent Critic of his share, who discovered before me, that in the character of Proteus was designed *Sophistam, Magum, Politicum, præsertim rebus omnibus sese accommodantem*. Which in English is, *A political writer, a Libeller, and a Disputer, writing indifferently for or against every Party in the state, every Sect in religion, and every Character in private life*. See my *Fables of Ovid explained*.

ABBE BBNIER. W.

VER. 40. *Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric Post:]* Two booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene Books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

VER. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,]* It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

VER. 42. MAGAZINES] The common names of those monstrous collections in prose and verse; where Dulness assumes all the various shapes of Folly to draw in, and

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VER. 41, 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's—Hence, &c.]*

—— Genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.

Virg. Æn. i.

Sepulchral Lies, or holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub street race.

In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone ; 45
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne :

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cajole the Rabble. The eruption of every miserable Scrib-
ler ; the dirty scum of every stagnant News-paper ; the
rags of worn-out Nonsense and Scandal, picked up from
every Dunghill ; under the title of *Essays, Reflections, Que-
ries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c.* equally the disgrace of
human Wit, Morality, and Common Sense. P. W.

VER. 43. *Sepulchral Lies,*] Is a just satire on the Flat-
teries and Falshoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls
of Churches, in Epitaphs ; which occasioned the follow-
ing Epigram,

“ Friend ! in your Epitaphs, I’m griev’d,

“ So very much is said :

“ One half will never be believ’d,

“ The other never read.

VER. 44. *New-year Odes,*] Made by the Poet Laureate
for the time being, to be sung at court on every New-
year’s-day, the words of which are happily drowned in
the voices and instruments. The *New-year Odes* of the
Hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all
that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his
character as a writer, which doubtless induced our Au-
thor to mention them here so particularly.

VER. 45. *In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone ;*] See this
Cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her
Head, book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to compare
this description of the Majesty of Dulness in a state of peace

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VER. 45. *In clouded Majesty]*

—— the Moon

Rising in clouded Majesty—— *Milton, Book iv.*

Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :
 Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
 Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake : 50
 Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail :
 Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
 Where, in nice ballance, truth with gold she weighs
 And solid pudding against empty praise.

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and tranquillity, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph, and is not so much supported by her own Virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other. W.

VER. 50. *Who hunger, and who thirst, &c.*] “ This is “ an allusion to a text in Scripture, which shews, in Mr. “ *Pope*, a delight in profaneness,” said Curl upon this place. But it is very familiar with Shakespear to allude to passages of Scripture. Out of a great number I will select a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very Text from holy Writ. In *All's well that ends well*, *I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grass*. Ibid. *They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire*, Matt. vii. 13. In *Much ado about nothing*, *All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the Garden*, Gen. iii. 8. (in a very jocular scene.) In *Love's labour lost*, he talks of Samson's carrying the Gates on his back; in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, of Goliath and the weaver's beam; and in *Henry IV.* Falstaff's soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the prodigal son.—The first part

IMITATIONS.

VER. 48.

————— that knows no fears
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :

Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.

VOL. V.

B

Hor.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep, 55
 Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
 'Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
 Call forth each mass, a Poem or a Play:
 How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
 How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry, 60
 Maggots half form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile dulness new meanders takes;

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of this note is Mr. CURL's, the rest is Mr. THEOBALD's, Appendix to Shakespear Restor'd, p. 144.

VER. 57. *genial Jacob,*] Tonson. The famous race of Bookfellers of that name.

VER. 63. *Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,*] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of *Dulness* out of the Works of her Sons, celebrated in the Poem. A great Critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would

IMITATIONS.

VER. 55. *Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
 Where nameless Somethings, &c.]*

That is to say, unform'd things, which are either made into Poems or Plays, as the Bookfellers or the Players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's Dispensary, Cant. vi.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
 The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
 'Till the glad summons of a genial ray
 Unbinds the globe, and calls them out to day.

There motley Images her fancy strike, 65
 Figures ill pair'd, and Similes unlike.
 She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race; 70
 How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
 Here gay Description Ægypt glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;

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“ pun, would pick a pocket.” Yet Mr. Dennis’s works afford us notable examples in this kind; “ *Alexander Pope* hath sent abroad into the world as many *Bulls* as his namesake Pope *Alexander*.—Let us take the initial and final letters of his Name, viz. *A. P--E*, and they give you the Idea of an *Ape*.—*Pope* comes from the Latin word *Popa*, which signifies a little wart; or from *poppyf-ma*, because he was continually *popping* out squibbs of wit, or rather *Popysmata*, or *Popismus*.” DENNIS on *Hom.* and Daily Journal, June 11, 1728.

VER. 70. &c. *How Farce and Epic—How Time himself, &c.*] Allude to the transgressions of the *Unities* in the Plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon *Time* and *Place*, and the mixture of Tragedy and Comedy, Farce and Epic, see *Pluto* and *Proserpine*, *Penelope*, &c. if yet extant.

VER. 73. *Ægypt glads with show'rs,*] In the Lower Ægypt Rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile be-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 64. *And ductile Dulness, &c.*] A parody on a verse in *Garth*, Cant. i.

How ductile matter new meanders takes.

Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen, 75
 There painted vallies of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
 Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene. 80
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fool-colours gilds them all.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 85. in the former Editions,
 'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.
 Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year
 1720.

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ing sufficient to impregnate the soil.—These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene.

See the Guardian No 40. parag. 6. See also *Eusden's* whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant to have given Examples of all these species of bad writing from these Authors, but that it is already done in our Treatise of the *Bathos*. SCRIBL.

VER. 83. *Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.*

i. e. Sets off unnatural conceptions in false and tumid expression. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 79. *The cloud-compelling Queen*] From Homer's Epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.

'Twas on the day, when ** rich and grave, 85
 Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave :
 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
 faces)

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd in Settle's numbers, one day more, 90

REMARKS.

VER. 85, 80. *'Twas on the day, when ** rich and grave, Like Cimon, triumph'd]* Viz. a Lord Mayor's Day, his name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the Editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem. BENTL.

The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water.—Cimon, the famous Athenian General, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.

VER. 88. *Glad Chains,*] The Ignorance of these Moderns! This was altered in one edition to *Gold Chains*, shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of Aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Græcism, nay of figurative speech itself: *Lætas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c. SCRIBL.

VER. 90. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers, one day more,*] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr. Addison :

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
 Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry ;
 Yet run for ever by the Muses skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Ibid. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more,*] Settle

Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
 While penfive Poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
 Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls 95
 What city Swans once sung within the walls;
 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
 She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
 Each fire imprest and glaring in his son: 100
 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
 She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine;
 And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

REMARKS.

was poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the Pageants: But that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

VER. 98. *John Heywood*, whose Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

VER. 103. *Old Pryn in restless Daniel*] The first edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine:
 a great Mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote Verses as well as Politics; as appears by the Poem *De jure divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellanies, on the other:

She saw flow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage. 106

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— One lately did not fear
(Without the Muses leave) to plant Verse here.
But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers ears on edge :
Written by *William Prynne Esquire the*
Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty three.
Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for his high style
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates
as well as their writings, having been alike sentenced to
the Pillory.

VER. 104. *And Eusden eke out, &c.*] Laurence Eusden
Poet laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few
only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook,
in his battle of Poets, saith of him,

Eusden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413,
414. affirms, " That of all the Galimatias he ever met
" with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which
" have as much of the Ridiculum and the Fustian in them
" as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort
" of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that
" there is no distinct one left in the mind." Further he
says of him, " That he hath prophesied his own poetry
" shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus;
" but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it,
" from what he hath lately published." Upon which
Mr. Oldmixon has not spared a reflexion, " That the
" putting the Laurel on the head of one who writ such
" verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judg-
" ment and justice of those who bestow'd it." Ibid. p.
417. But the well-known learning of that noble Person,

In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in BAYS's monster-breeding breast;

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who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screen'd him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the Laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others: It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of *Buckingham* upon this matter:

—In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,
But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name.

Session of Poets.

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following Epigram, made on that occasion:

In merry Old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for Poet.

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Philips. Book i. ver. 262. and Book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was Poet Laureate, a cold writer of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of *Abraham* and *Achitophel* are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

VER. 106. *And all the mighty Mad*] This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr. Dennis were really mad, according to the Narrative of Dr. Norris in Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies*, vol. iii. No—it is spoken of that *excellent* and *divine Madness*, so often mentioned by Plato; that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr. D. hath in his

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to blefs,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with fuccefs. 110

VARIATIONS.

VER. 108. *But chief in Bays's, &c.*] In the former Edd. thus,

But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;
Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league engage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.

She ey'd the Bard, where supperless he fate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he fate, with all his Books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.——

Var. *Tibbald*] Author of a pamphlet intitled, *Shakespear restor'd*. During two whole years while Mr. Pope was preparing his Edition of Shakespear, he published Advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication: (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a *Daily Journal* of Nov. 26, 1728) And then an outcry was made in the Prints, that our Author had joined with the Bookseller to raise an *extravagant subscription*; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised in his own proposals for *Homer*. Probably that proceeding elevated *Tibbald* to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the *Testimonies of Authors* prefixed to this work.

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time, been highly possessed; and of those *extraordinary hints and motions* whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. Arth. [See notes on B. ii. ver. 268.]

Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
 Remembring she herself was Pertness once.

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Ibid. *And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.*] Mr. Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. N. 33. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. "The modern Furius is to be looked upon as more an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this *poor* man [*I wish that reflection on poverty had been spared*] suffers by being contradicted, or which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should, in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature.—*Poor* Furius [*again*] when any of his cotemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the Ancients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company. His applause is not the tribute of his *Heart*, but the sacrifice of his *Revenge*," &c. Indeed his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of downright monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding.—He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunch-back'd toad.—A book through which folly and ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look very big and very dull, and strut and hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and bully-back'd by that blind Hector, Impudence." Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism, p. 26, 29, 30.

Now (shame to fortune!) an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day;

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It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this fury, they are so strong and so coercive: I regard him (saith he) as an *Enemy*, not so much to me, as to my King, to my Country, to my Religion, and to that Liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life. A vagary of Fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicksome, and the epidemic *Madness of the times* have given him *Reputation*, and Reputation (as Hobbes says) is *Power*, and *that has made him dangerous*. Therefore I look on it as my duty to *King George*, whose faithful subject I am; to my *Country*, of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the laws, under whose protection I have so long lived; and to the *Liberty of my Country*, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a constant assertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—you shall see *what*—to pull the lion's skin from this little Afs, which popular error has thrown round him; and to shew that this Author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions." DENNIS, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2, 91, &c.

Besides these public-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92. appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr. P. "The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curl, my Bookseller.—However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his *Slander* and his *Poison*." Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D.'s suspicion was that of being *poisoned*, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him: Of which fact see *A full and true account of a horrid and barbarous*

Swearing and supperless the Hero fate,
 Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate.

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revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curl, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price two pence, called *A true Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings*, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is said “to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administering *Poison* to them:” and is called (p. 4.) “a lurking way-laying coward, and a stabber in the dark.” Which with many other things (most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible Poet to write the following Epigram:

Should Dennis publish, you had stabb'd your Brother,
 Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother;

Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?

Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad;

On one so poor you cannot take the law;

On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:

Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,

Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

For the rest; Mr. John Dennis was the son of a Sadler, in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden: and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherly and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their Letters. He made himself known to the Government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the Ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: “Mr. Dennis is *excellent*

Then gnaw'd his Pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!

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“ at Pindaric writings, *perfectly regular* in all his performances, and a person of *sound Learning*. That he is master of a great deal of *Penetration* and *Judgment*, his criticisms (particularly on *Prince Arthur*) do sufficiently demonstrate.” From the same account it also appears that he writ Plays “ more to get *Reputation* than *Money*.” DENNIS of himself. See Giles Jacob's *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 68, 69. compared with p. 286.

VER. 109. *Bays, form'd by nature, &c.*] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his Hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author. “ Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?” He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, “ that he could not think himself so, nor believe that our Poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his *Wit*, or for some *Profit* or *Lucre* to himself.” Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. pag. 15, 40, 53. And to shew his claim to what the Poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *Pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *last word*; which occasioned the following Epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, Tho' in Verse you foreclose,
I'll have the last Word; for by G—, I'll write prose,
Poor Colly, thy Reas'ning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last Word is the Word that lasts longest.

VER. 112. *Remembring she herself was Pertness once.*] The Poet had told us, ver. 13. that this fair daughter of *Night*

Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair. 120

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and *Chaos* was got by them in their dotage; a time of life when parents are most apt to spoil their children by too great indulgence. It is not to be thought strange therefore, that overmuch caressing should make even *Dulness* herself *pert*, especially in her youth; though her own natural *alacrity* was in sinking, or towards *gravity*.

SCRIBL. W.

VER. 113. *Shame to Fortune!*] Because she usually shews favour to persons of this character, who have a three-fold pretence to it.

VER. 115. *Supperless the Hero fate,*] It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the Hero of the Poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's *Odyssey* is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to represent such Hero under a calamity, to which the greatest, not only of Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been subject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us obliquely, a curious precept, or what *Bosſu* calls, *a disguised sentence*, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of poesy brings all into action; and to represent a Critic encompassed with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates, and often totally neglects for the greater improvement of the other.

SCRIBL.

But since the discovery of the true Hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of Money at Dice, or of reputation by his

Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
 Much future Ode, and abdicated Play:
 Nonsense precipitate like running Lead,
 That slip'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the Head;
 All that on Folly Frenzy could beget, 125
 Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of wit.
 Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,

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VER. 121. *Round him much Embrio, &c.*] In the former Editions thus,

He roll'd his Eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
 Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;
 Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd
 Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
 Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
 The page admires new beauties not its own.
 Here swells the shelf, &c.——

REMARKS.

Play, as that the Poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the Poet consulted his Heroic Character, in adding that he *swore* all the time?

BENTL.

IMITATIONS.

Var. *He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,*

—— *round he throws his eyes,*

That witness'd huge affliction and dismay. Milt. B. i.

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progress of the Devil in Milton) through a *Chaos*, probably suggest this imitation.

How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er like an industrious Bug. 130
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
 There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald fore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
 The rest on out-side merit but presume, 135
 Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room;

REMARKS.

VER. 131. *poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes,*] A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.

VER. 132. *The Frippery*] "When I fitted up an old play, "it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she "has not better employment," Life, p. 217. Octavo.

VER. 133. *hapless Shakespear, &c.*] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespear. He was frequently liberal this way; and as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure Generosity and Civility; but when Mr. Pope did so to his "Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespear, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, "That to expose any "errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be "taken by any other Editor, he would still give above five "hundred Emendations, that *shall* escape them all.

VER. 134. *Wish'd he had blotted*] It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakespear, "that he "never blotted a line." Ben Johnson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespear would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the Actors only (and especially the daring Hero of this Poem) have made on the

Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond Parents drest in red and gold;
 Or where the pictures for the page attone,
 And Quarles is fav'd by Beauties not his own. 140
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
 There stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:

REMARKS.

Stage, but the presumptuous Critics of our days in their Editions.

VER. 135. *The rest on Out-side merit, etc.*] This Library is divided into three parts; the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second, of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for shew, or adorned with pictures; the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old English Printers, or old English Translations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

VER. 141. *Ogilby the great;*] “ John Ogilby was one
 “ who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a
 “ progress as might well style him the prodigy of his
 “ time! sending into the world so many *large Volumes!*
 “ His translations of Homer and Virgil *done to the life,*
 “ and *with such excellent sculptures:* And (what added
 “ great grace to his works) he printed them all on *special*
good paper, and in a very good letter.” WINSTANLY, *Lives*
of Poets.

VER. 142. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:*] “ The *Duchess of Newcastle* was one who busied

IMITATIONS.

VER. 140. in the former Edd.

The page admires new beauties not it's own.

Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.

Virg. Geor. ii.

Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
 A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome 145
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 146. in the first Edit. it was

Well-purg'd, and worthy W—y, W—s, and Bl—
 And in the following alter'd to Withers, Quarles, and
 Blome, on which was the following note:

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, *W—ly*,
W—s, who were persons eminent for good life; the
 one writ the Life of Christ in verse, the other some valu-
 able pieces in the lyric kind on pious subjects. The line
 is here restor'd according to its original.

“ *George Withers* was a great pretender to poetical zeal
 “ against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest
 “ personages in power, which brought upon him *fre-*
 “ *quent Correction*. The *Marshalsea* and *Newgate* were no
 “ strangers to him.” WINSTANLY. *Quarles* was as dull
 a writer, but an honest man. *Blome's* books are re-
 markable for their cuts.

REMARKS.

“ herself in the ravishing delights of Poetry; leaving to
 “ Posterity in print three *ample Volumes* of her studious en-
 “ deavours.” WINSTANLY, *ibid*. Langbaine reckons
 up *eight Folio's* of her Grace's; which were usually adorn-
 ed with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon
 them.

VER. 146. *Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The
 Poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as
 they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities: 1.
 Settle was his Brother Laureate; only indeed upon half-
 pay, for the city instead of the Court; but equally fa-
 mous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occa-

But high above, more solid Learning shone,
 The Classics of an Age that heard of none;
 There Caxton slept with Wynkyn at his side, 149
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;

REMARKS.

sions, such as Shows, Birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his Rival in *Tragedy* (tho' more successful) in one of his *Tragedies*, the *Earl of Essex*, which is yet alive: *Anna Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great*, are dead and gone. These he drest in a sort of *Beggars Velvet*, or a happy mixture of the *thick Fustian* and *thin Prosaic*; exactly imitated in *Perolla and Isidora*, *Cæsar in Ægypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. Broome was a serving man of Ben. Johnson, who once picked up a *Comedy* from his *Betters*, or from some cast scenes of his Master, not entirely contemptible.

VER. 147. *More solid Learning*] Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagined consisted of Novels, Plays, and obscene books; but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the *Dry bodies of Divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchased by his Father when he designed him for the Gown. See the note on ver. 200.

VER. 149. *Caxton*] A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII; Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's *Æneis*, as a history; of which he speaks in his proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. "Happened that to
 " my hande came a lytyl book in frenche, whiche late
 " was translated out of latyn by some noble clerke of
 " fraunce, which booke is named *Eneydos* (made in latyn
 " by that noble poete and grete clerk Vyrghyle:) which
 " book I sawe over and redde therein, How after the ge-
 " nerall destruccyon of the great Troy, Eneas departed
 " berynge his old fader anchises upon his sholdres, his

There, fav'd by spice, like Mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of Divinity appear:

De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies, 156

REMARKS.

“ lytyl son yolas on his hande, his wyfe with moche
“ other people followynge, and how he shipped and de-
“ parted; with all thystorye of his adventures that he had
“ er he came to the atchievement of his conquest of ytaly,
“ as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke. In
“ whiche booke I had grete playfyr, by cause of the fayr
“ and honest termes and wordes in frenche, which I never
“ sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playfant ne so well or-
“ dered; whiche booke as me semed shold be much re-
“ quysite to noble men to see, as well for the eloquence
“ as the hystories. How wel that many hondred yerys
“ passed was the sayd booke of Eneydos wyth other
“ workes made and lerned daily in scolis, especyally in
“ ytaly and other places, which hystorye the said Vyrgyle
“ made in metre.” *Tibbald* quotes a rare passage from
“ him in *Mist's Journal* of March 16, 1778, concerning a
strange and merwayllouse beaste called Sagittayre, which he
would have *Shakespeare* to mean rather than *Teucer*, the
Archer celebrated by *Homer*.

VER. 153. *Nich. de Lyra*, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

VER. 154. *Philemon Holland*, Doctor in Physic. “ He
“ translated so many books, that a man would think he had
“ done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called
Translator general of his age. The books alone of his
“ turning into English are sufficient to make a *Country*
“ *Gentleman* a complete Library. WINSTANLY.

Inspir'd he seizes : These an altar raise :
 An hecatomb of pure, unfully'd lays
 That altar crowns : A folio Common-place
 Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base ; 160
 Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre ;
 A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire.

Then he : Great Tamer of all human art !
 First in my care, and ever at my heart ;
 Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165
 With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
 E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praise,
 To the last honours of the Butt and Bays :

VARIATIONS.

VER. 162. *A twisted, &c.*] In the former Edd.

And last, a little Ajax tips the Spire.

Var. *a little Ajax*] in *duodecimo*, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald.

REMARKS.

VER. 167. *E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig*] The first visible cause of the passion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd Periwig, which he tells us, he wore in his first play of the *Fool in fashion*. It attracted, in a particular manner, the Friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. "Whatever contempt (says he) Philosophers may have for a fine Periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world but to live in

IMITATIONS.

VER. 166. *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,*]

A te principium, tibi desinet.— Virg. Ecl. viii.

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγεις Μῆσαι. Theoc.

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camœna. Hor.

O thou! of Bus'ness the directing soul!
 To this our head like byas to the bowl, 170
 Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely wadling to the mark in view:
 O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light, 175
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Or, if to Wit a coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 177. *Or, if to Wit, &c.*] In the former Edd.
 Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
 Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;

REMARKS.

“ it knew very well that so material an article of dress
 “ upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him,
 “ could never fail of drawing to him a more partial Re-
 “ gard and Benevolence, than could possibly be hoped
 “ for in an ill made one. This, perhaps, may soften the
 “ grave censure, which so youthful a purchase might
 “ otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made
 “ his attack upon this Periwig, as your young fellows ge-
 “ nerally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few fami-
 “ liar praises of her person, and then a civil enquiry into
 “ the price of it; and we finished our bargain that night
 “ over a bottle.” See *Life*, octavo, p. 303. This re-
 markable Periwig usually made its entrance upon the
 stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infi-
 nite approbation of the audience.

VER. 178, 179. *Guard the sure barrier—Or quite unravel, &c.*] For *Wit* or *Reasoning* are never greatly hurtful to
Dulness, but when the first is founded in *Truth*, and the
 other in *Usefulness*. W.

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead ! 180
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous flugs cut swiftly thro' the sky ;

VARIATIONS.

Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
 She does but shew her coward face and dies :
 There thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains
 Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains :
 Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
 Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
 Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
 And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.
 For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
 Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays ;
 Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
 My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind :
 So gravest precepts may successless prove,
 But sad examples never fail to move.
 As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Var. *Nor sleeps one error—Old puns restore, lost blunders, &c.*] As where he [Tibbald] laboured to prove *Shakespear* guilty of terrible *Anachronisms*, or low *Conundrums*, which Time had cover'd ; and conversant in such authors as *Caxton* and *Wynkyn*, rather than in *Homer* or *Chaucer*. Nay,

REMARKS.

VER. 181. *As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.*] The thought of these four verses is found in a poem of our Author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed) to the Author of a poem call'd *Successio*.

As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below :
 Me Emptiness, and Dulness could inspire, 185
 And were my Elasticity, and Fire.
 Some Dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense :
 Else all my Prose and Verse were much the same ;
 This, prose on stilts ; that, poetry fall'n lame. 190
 Did on the stage my Fops appear confin'd ?
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.

VARIATIONS.

so far had he lost his reverence to this incomparable author, as to say in print, *He deserv'd to be whipt.* An insolence which nothing sure can parallel ! but that of *Dennis*, who can be proved to have declared before company, that *Shakespear was a Rascal.* *O tempora ! O mores !* SCRIBL.

Var. *And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.*] For some time, once a week or fortnight he printed in *Mist's Journal* a single remark or poor conjecture on some word or pointing of *Shakespear*, either in his own name, or in letters to himself as from others without name. Upon these somebody made this Epigram,

“ 'Tis gen'rous, Tibbald ! in thee and thy brothers,

“ To help us thus to read the works of others :

“ Never for this can just returns be shown ;

“ For who will help us e'er to read thy own ?

Var. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays ;*] As to *Cook's Hesiod*, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him : And to *Moore's Comedy of the Rival Modes*, and other authors of the same rank : These were people who writ about the year 1726.

Did the dead Letter unsuccessful prove?
 The brisk Example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the State, 195
 Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand,
 What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200

VARIATIONS.

VER. 195. *Yet sure had Heav'n, &c.*] In the former Edd.

Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state.

REMARKS.

VER. 198. — *grey-goose weapon*] Alluding to the old English weapon, the arrow of the long-bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the grey-goose.

VER. 199. *my Fletcher*] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, “ Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc-Tulle.” But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made so free with him.

VER. 200. *Take up the Bible, once my better guide!*] When,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 195. *Had Heav'n decreed, &c.*]

Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,

Has mihi servassent sedes.—— Virg. *Æn.* ii.

VER. 197, 198. *Could Troy be sav'd—This grey-goose weapon*]

—— Si Pergama dextra

Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent. Virg. *ibid.*

Or tread the path by vent'rous Heroes trod,
 This Box my Thunder, this right-hand my God?
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the Doctors sit,
 Teach Oaths to Gamesters, and to Nobles Wit?
 Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace? 205
 (A friend to Party thou, and all her race;

VARIATIONS.

But see great Settle to the dust descend,
 And all thy cause and empire at an end!
 Could Troy be sav'd, &c.——

REMARKS.

according to his Father's intention, he had been a *Clergyman*, or (as he thinks himself) a *Bishop* of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the
 " fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myself
 " were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone
 " mine, 'till theirs were determined: But had my father
 " carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows
 " but that purer fountain might have washed my Imper-
 " fections into a capacity of writing, instead of Plays and
 " annual *Odes*, Sermons and *Pastoral Letters*?" *Apology*
 for his Life, chap. iii.

VER. 203. *at White's amidst the Doctors*] These Doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of over-bearing; but, like true Masters of Arts, were only habited in *black* and *white*: They were justly styled *subtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragabiles*, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open.

SCRIBL. W.

This learned Critic is to be understood allegorically: The DOCTORS in this place mean no more than *false Dice*, a Cant phrase used amongst Gamesters. So the

IMITATIONS.

VER. 202. *This Box my Thunder, this right-hand my God.*
Dextra mihi Deus, & telum quod missile libro.

Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist ;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
 Shall I, like Curtis, desp'rate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal ? 210
 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories ?]

REMARKS.

meaning of these four sonorous Lines is only this, " Shall
 " I play fair, or foul ?"

VER. 208. *Ridpath—Mist.*] George Ridpath, author
 of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post ; Nathanael Mist,
 of a famous Tory Journal.

VER. 211. *Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories.*] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol ; of which Virgil, *Æn.* viii.

*Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
 Porticibus Gallos in limine adesse canebat.*

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty ? And what absurdity to say a goose *sings* ? *canebat*. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in *Ecl.* ix.

—— *argutos inter strepere anser olores.*

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat*. And why *auratis porticibus* ? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent ? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auritis*. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

—— *Auritas fidibus canoris*

Ducere quercus.

And to say that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb.

SCRIBL.

VER. 212. *And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories ?]*

Hold—to the Minister I more incline;
 To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
 And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er, 215
 Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
 What then remains? Ourselves. Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 213. *Hold—to the Minister—*] In the former Edd.

Yes, to my Country I my pen consign,
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine.

REMARKS.

Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingenuously confesses of himself, is true of all Ministerial-writers whatsoever: “That he defends
 “ the supreme powers, as the *Geese* by their *cackling* de-
 “ fended the Romans, who held the Capitol; for they
 “ favoured them no more than the Gauls, their Enemies,
 “ but were as ready to have defended the Gauls, if they
 “ had been *possessed of the capitol*.” Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan. W.

VER. 215. *Gazetteers*] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316. who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in Politics.

VER. 218. *Cibberian Forehead,*] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elsewhere celebrated by our Poet for his great *Modesty*—*modest Cibber*—Read, therefore, at my peril, *Cerberian forehead*. This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, *Homerical*; the *Dog* was the ancient, as the *Bitch* is the modern, symbol of Impudence: (*Κυνὸς ὄμματα* ἔχων, says Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when

This brazen Brightness, to the 'Squire so dear;
 This polish'd Hardness, that reflects the Peer: 220
 This arch Absurd, that wit and fool delights;
 This Mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
 Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreath my
 crown,

At once the Bear and Fiddle of the town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought! 225
 Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)

VARIATIONS.

VER. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] In the former Edd.
 Adieu, my Children! better thus expire
 Un-stall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire,
 Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
 Or shipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
 Or wafting ginger, round the streets to run,
 And visit Ale-house, where ye first begun.
 With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
 And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.—

REMARKS.

in a superlative degree, may well be nominated from *Cerberus*, the *Dog with three heads*.—But as to the latter part of this verse, *Cibberian brain*, that is certainly the genuine reading.

BENTL. W.

VER. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] This is a tender and

IMITATIONS.

Var. *And visit Ale-house*] *Waller* on the Navy,
 Those tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile plains may go,
 And visit mountains where they once did grow.

Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
 My better and more christian progeny!
 Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230
 Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
 Sent with a Pass, and vagrant thro' the land;
 Nor sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:

REMARKS.

passionate Apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

VER. 228. *My better and more christian progeny!*] “It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific; that the one was seldom the mother of a Child, but in the same year the other made me the father of a Play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds some *died* in their *Infancy*,” &c. Life of C. C. p. 217. 8vo edit.

VER. 231. *gratis given Bland—Sent with a Pass,*] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to send them *Post-free* to all the Towns in the kingdom.

VER. 233. — *with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,*]

IMITATIONS.

VER. 229. *Unstain'd, untouch'd, &c.*]

———— Felix Priamēia virgo!

Iussa mori: quæ fortitus non pertulit ullos,
 Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!

Nos, patria incensa, diversa per æquora vectæ, &c.

Virg. Æn. iii.

Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale-house fire; 235

Not wrapt up Oranges, to pelt your fire!

O! pass more innocent, in infant state,

To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate:

Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest

In Shadwell's bosom with eternal Rest! 240

Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return,

Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.

With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)

Stole from the Master of the sev'nfold Face:

REMARKS.

“ Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic

“ verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose.

“ He has of late years kept a public house in the City,

“ (but in a genteel way) and with his wit, humour, and

“ good liquor (ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable en-

“ tertainment, especially those of the high-church party.”

JACOB, *Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations.—

Ward, in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the City, but in *Moorfields*.

VER. 238—240. *Tate—Shadwell*] Two of his predecessors in the Laurel.

VER. 243. *With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)*

&c.] It is to be observed, that our Poet hath made his

Hero, in imitation of Virgil's, obnoxious to the tender

Passions. He was indeed so given to weeping, that he

tells us, when Goodman the player swore, if he did not

make a good actor, he'd be damn'd; “ the surprise of being

“ commended by one, who had been himself so eminent

“ on the stage, and in so positive a manner, was more

“ than he could support. In a word (says he) it almost

And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand, 245
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
 The rolling smoke involve the sacrifice.
 The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 250

VARIATIONS.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the former Edd.

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
 And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.
 Then gush'd the Tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
 When the last blaze, &c.

REMARKS.

“took away my breath, and (laugh if you please) fairly
 “drew tears from my eyes.” P. 149. of his Life, octavo.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this Author was particularly excellent at Tragedy. “This (says he) is as

IMITATIONS.

VER. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,*] Ovid, of Althæa on a like occasion, burning her offspring:

Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
 Cœpta quater tenuit.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*

—Jam Deïphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
 Vulcano superante domus; jam proximus ardet
 Ucalegon.—

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires

VARIATIONS.

Var. *Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire.*]

Memnon, a hero in the *Persian Princess*, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines, with which he begins the play,

By heav'n it fires my frozen blood with rage,
And makes it scald my aged trunk.

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the *Perfidious Brother* (a play written between *Tibbald* and a Watch-maker.) The *Rape of Proserpine*, one of the Farces of this Author, in which *Ceres* setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the Play-house.

Var. *And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.*] He had been (to use an expression of our Poet) *about Æschylus* for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went *about* other books. The character of this tragic Poet is Fire and Boldness in a high degree, but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation: upon sight of a specimen of which was made this Epigram,

“ Alas! poor *Æschylus*! unlucky Dog!

“ Whom once a *Lobster* kill'd, and now a *Log*.

But this is a grievous error, for *Æschylus* was not slain by the fall of a *Lobster* on his head, but of a *Tortoise*, *teste* Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12.

SCRIBL.

REMARKS.

“ unjust as to say I could not dance on a Rope.” But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preserves in these few lines) the three first of them were fairly printed,

No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes, 255
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

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acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

VER. 253. *the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble*] A Comedy threshed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and so much the Translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from *dissaffection to the Government*:

Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roi,
 Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi. Boil.

He assures us, that “when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he “was graciously pleased out of his Royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he “doubts not *griev'd* Mr. P.

VER. 256. *When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.*] See Virgil. *Æn.* ii. where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in Wynkyn. But I caution him alike in both to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan Horse*: there having never been any such thing. For, first, it was not *Trojan*, being made by the *Greeks*; and, secondly, it was not a *horse*, but a *mare*. This is clear from many verses in Virgil:

———Uterumque armato milite complent.—
 Inclusos utero Danaos ———

Can a horse be said *Utero gerere*? Again,

———Uteroque recusso,
 Insonuere cavæ———

———Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere.

Rowz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè from her bed.
 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre,
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260

Her ample presence fills up all the place:
 A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
 Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.

REMARKS.

Nay, is it not expressly said

Scandit fatalis machina muros

Fœta armis ———

How is it possible the word *fœta* can agree with a *horse*? And indeed can it be conceived that the chaste and virgin Goddess *Pallas* would employ herself in forming and fashioning the Male of that species? But this shall be proved to a demonstration in our Virgil restored.

SCRIBL.

VER. 258. *Thulè*.] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Amb. Philips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the Asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire: But I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs*

She looks and breathes herself into their airs.]

Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisque videri
 Cœlicolis, & quanta solet ——— Vir. Æn. ii.
 Et lætos oculis afflavit honores. Id. Æn. i.

She bids him wait her to her sacred Dome: 265

Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.

So, Spirits ending their terrestrial race,

Ascend, and recognize their Native Place.

This the great Mother dearer held than all 269

The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 268. in the former Edd. followed these two lines,

Raptur'd he gazes round the dear retreat,

And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.

Var. *And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.*] Tibbald writ a poem called the *Cave of Poverty*, which concludes with a very extraordinary wish, "That some great genius, or man of distinguished merit may be *starved*, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her Cave." It was printed in octavo 1715.

REMARKS.

VER. 265. *sacred Dome:*] Where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as Plato says the spirits shall, at their entrance into the celestial regions.

VER. 269. *Great Mother*] *Magna mater*, here applied to *Dulness*. The *Quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient

IMITATIONS.

VER. 269. *This the Great Mother, &c.*

Urbs antiqua fuit ———

Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam

Posthabita coluisse Samo: hic illius arma,

Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse

(Si qua fata finant) jam tum renditque fovetque.

Virg. *Æn.* i.

Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
And here she plann'd th' Imperial seat of Fools.

Here to her Chosen all her works she shews,
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose :
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind : 276

How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away :
How Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail : 280

How, with less reading than makes felon's 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286

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members of certain political clubs who were constantly enquiring *Quid nunc?* What news?

VER. 286. *Tibbald,*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and son to an Attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of some forgotten Plays, Translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a Translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious Idiot, one height Whachum, who, from an under-spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the Play-house, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile Translation, &c. This fellow is concern'd in an impertinent paper called the Censor." DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9, 10.

The Goddess then o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed.

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Ibid. Ozell.] “ Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where *somebody* left him *something* to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an *office of accounts*, in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in *arithmetic*, and writing the necessary *hands*. He has obliged the world with many translations of French Plays.” JACOB Lives of *Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all Sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20. 1729. in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. “ As to my *learning* this envious Wretch knew, and every body knows, that the *whole Bench of Bishops*, not long ago, were pleased to give me a *purse of guineas*, for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my *genius*, let Mr. Cleland shew better verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him shew better and truer Poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket (*la Secchia rapita*.) And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publickly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise *superior* to Pope's— Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country!” JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as those of the *Bench of Bishops*, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

And lo ! her bird, (a monster of a fowl,
 Something betwixt a Heideggre and owl,) 290
 Perch'd on his crown. " All hail ! and hail again,
 My son ! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise ;
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days ;
 Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns molest, 295
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 293. *Know, Eusden, &c.*] In the former Edd.

Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
 Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
 Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
 Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.
 I see a King ! who leads my chosen sons
 To lands that flow with clenches and with puns :
 Till each fam'd theatre my empire own ;
 Till Albion, as Hibernia, blefs my throne !
 I see ! I see !—Then rapt she spoke no more,
 God save king Tibbald ! Grubstreet alleys roar.
 So when Jove's block, &c.

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VER. 290. *A Heideggre*] A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

VER. 296, *Withers,*] See on ver. 146.

Ibid. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits ; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against

And high-born Howard, more majestic fire,
With Fool of Quality compleats the quire.

Thou, Cibber! thou, his Laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a Friend at Court. 300

Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come!
Sound, found ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!

Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.

And thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my sons, 305
Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns,

Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear,

And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King. 310

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the divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad Plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherly, printed by Curl; in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the complete Art of English Poetry, in two Volumes, and others.

VER. 297. *Howard,*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

VER. 309, 310. *under Archer's wing,—Gaming, &c.]*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.]*

—— Quorum Imagines lambunt

Hederæ sequaces,

Perf.

O! when shall rise a Monarch all our own,
 And I, a Nurfing mother, rock the throne;
 'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,
 Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law;
 Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned band, 315
 And suckle Armies, and dry-nurse the land:
 Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat:
 God save king Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note. 320

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When the Statute against Gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the King, by ancient custom, plays at Hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the summer the court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the Court resides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the professed Gamesters in town.

Greatest and justest SOV'REIGN; know you this?
 Alas! no more, than *Thames'* calm head can know
 Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow.
 Donne to Queen Eliz.

VER. 319. *Chapel-royal*] The Voices and Instruments

IMITATIONS.

VER. 311. *O! when shall rise a Monarch, &c.*] Boileau,
Lutrin, Chant. II.

Helas! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,
 Où les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans; &c.

Familiar White's, God save king Colly ! cries ;
 God save king Colley ! Drury-lane replies :
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious Needham dropt the name of God ;
 Back to the Devil the last echoes roll, 325
 And Coll ! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block descended from on high
 (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)

REMARKS.

used in the service of the Chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the Birth-day and New-year Odes.

VER. 324. *But pious Needham*] A Matron of great Fame, and very religious in her way ; whose constant prayer it was, that she might " get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy ; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great Friends and Votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

VER. 325. *Back to the Devil*] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, where these Odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at Court. Upon which a Wit of those times made this Epigram,

When Laureates make odes, do you ask of what sort !

Do you ask if they're good, or are evil ?

You may judge—From the Devil they come to the Court,

And go from the Court to the Devil.

VER. 328.—*Ogilby*)—*God save king Log !*] See Ogilby's *Æsop's Fables*, where in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistich is to be found,

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the *bad writers*. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ ;

Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save king Log! 330

REMARKS.

which shews how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words in the preface to his Poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case that has ever been given by any author? “ Much may be said to extenuate the fault of bad
“ poets: What we call a *genius* is hard to be distinguish-
“ ed, by a man himself, from a prevalent inclination:
“ And if it be never so great, he can at first discover it
“ no other way than by that strong propensity which ren-
“ ders him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no
“ other method but to make the experiment, by writing,
“ and so appealing to the judgment of others; And if he
“ happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself)
“ he is immediately made the object of ridicule! I wish
“ we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst
“ authors might endeavour to please us, and, in that en-
“ deavour, deserve something at our hands. We have
“ no cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy
“ in persisting, and even that may admit of alleviating
“ circumstances: For their particular friends may be
“ either ignorant, or unsincere; and the rest of the world
“ too well bred to shock them with a truth which gene-
“ rally their booksellers are the first that inform them of.”

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following Epigram:

“ Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a while,
“ When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,
“ Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
“ How soon ye fade away!

“ To compass Phœbus’ car about,
“ Thus empty vapours rise;
“ Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
“ That rear’d him to the skies.
“ Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
“ There He shall ever burn:
“ Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
“ And must to Earth return.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.



T H E
D U N C I A D.

B O O K the S E C O N D.

A R G U M E N T.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public Games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddes in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddes is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a Poetess. Then follow the Exercises for the Poets of tickling, vociferating, diving: The first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the

second of Disputants and fustian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers. Lastly, for the Critics, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an Exercise not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, the one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.



*And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As Verse or Prose infuse the drowsy God.
Dunciad, Book II.*

B O O K II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

REMARKS.

TWO things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that an Author could never fail to use the *best word* on every occasion; the second, that a Critic cannot chuse but know *which that is*. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could *never have used it*; and, secondly, that he must have used *that very one*, which we conjecture, in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nations croak'd, God save king Log.

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting *hoarse* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: And this being evidently the true reading, he vouch-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat,*] Parody of Milton, book ii.

High on a throne of royal state, that far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show'rs on her kings Barbaric Pearl and gold,
Satan exalted fate.

Or that where on her Curls the public pours,
 All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden show'rs,
 Great Cibber fate : The proud Parnassian sneer, 5
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,

REMARKS.

safed not so much as to mention the former ; for which assertion of the just right of a Critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all sound Commentators.

VER. 2. *Henley's gilt tub,*] The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a tub ; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it is this extraordinary inscription, *The Primitive Eucharist*. See the history of this person, book iii.

Ibid. or Fleckno's Irish throne,] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Æniad* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Defait de Bouts rimées* of Sarazin.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the Eminence from whence the ancient Sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a Throne ;—
 ἐπὶ θρόνῳ τινὸς ὑψηλῷ μάλα σοφιστικῶς καὶ σοβαρῶς. Themistius, Orat. i.

VER. 3. *Or that where on her Curls the publick pours,*] Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March 1727-8. “ This (saith Edmund Curl) is a false
 “ Assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of
 “ what the Gentlemen of the long Robe are pleased jo-
 “ cosely to call *mounting the Rostrum* for one hour : but
 “ that scene of Action was not in the month of *March*,
 “ but in *February*.” [*Curliad* 12^{mo}, p. 19.] And of the *Hi-*

Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn Coxcombs as they gaze,
 His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
 So from the Sun's broad beam, in shallow urns
 Heav'n's twinkling Sparks draw light, and point their
 horns.

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
 Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
 Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.

NOTES.

tory of his being tost in a Blanket, he saith, "Here Scrib-
 " *lerus!* thou leeseeth in what thou asserdest concerning
 " the blanket: it was not a *blanket*, but a *rug*." p. 25.
 Much in the same manner Mr. *Cibber* remonstrated, that
 his Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not
Brazen, but *Blocks*; yet our author let it pass unaltered,
 as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.

We should think (gentle Reader) that we but ill per-
 formed our part, if we corrected not as well *our own er-*
rors now, as formerly those of the *Printer*. Since what
 moved us to this Work, was solely the Love of *Truth*,
 not in the least any Vain glory, or Desire to contend with
Great Authors. And further, our Mistakes, we conceive,
 will the rather be pardoned, as scarce possible to be
 avoided in writing of such Persons and works as do ever
 shun the Light. However, that we may not any way
 soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the
 very Words of our Antagonists: not defending, but re-
 tracting them from our heart, and craving excuse of the
 Parties offended: For surely in this Work, it hath been
 above all things our desire, *to provoke no Man*. SCRIBL.

VER. 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,*] Camillo
 VOL. V. E

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
 By herald Hawkers high heroic games.
 They summon all her Race: An endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. 20
 A motly mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
 In filks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
 From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
 All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd, 25
 And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
 Where the tall may-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand,
 But now (so ANNE and piety ordain)
 A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane. 30

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
 (The field of glory is a field for all.)

NOTES.

Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great Encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called *Alexias*. He was introduced *as a Buffoon* to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *Laurel*; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet himself was so transported as to *weep for joy*^a. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions.

^a See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
 A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes, 35
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
 No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days.
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair, 41
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air;

NOTES.

VER. 34. *And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.*] This species of mirth called a *joke*, arising from a *Mal-entendu* may be well supposed to be the delight of *Dulness*. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *A Poet's form she placed before their eyes,*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, *Æn. x.*

Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram
 In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum!)
 Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
 Divini assimilat capitis——

—— Dat inania verba,

Dat sine mente sonum——

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a Plagiary: There seems to me a great propriety in this Episode, where such an one is imagined by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting Bookseller.

VER. 39. *But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,*]

Vix illud lecti bis sex——

Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

Virg. *Æn. xii.*

With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head ;
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead ; 44
 And empty words she gave, and founding strain,
 But senseless, lifeless ! idol void and vain !
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool, so just a copy of a wit ;
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

NOTES.

VER. 44. *A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead ;] i. e.*
A trifling head, and a contracted heart,

as the poet, book iv. describes the *accomplish'd* Sons of Dulness ; of whom this is only an *Image*, or Scarecrow, and so stuffed out with these corresponding materials.

SCRIBL. W.

VER. 47. *Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,]* Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of *Dulness* making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by *chance*. The fiction is the more reconciled to probability, by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dash'd his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.

VER. 50. *and call'd the phantom More,]* CURL, in his key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-More Smith esq. and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the *Testimonies*) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiarist, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. " Sir, (said the thief, finding himself detected) do not expose me, I did it for mere want ; be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again,

All gaze with ardour: Some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

NOTES.

“and say nothing.” The honest man did so, but the other cry'd out, “See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!”

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. *Arbutnot* a paper call'd an Historico physical account of the *South-Sea*; and Mr. *Pope* the Memoirs of a Parish Clark, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. *Younge*.—*F. Billers*, esq. and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift* and *Pope's* Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the *Daily-Journal* of April 3, 1728.) “That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces (which only himself had shewn, and handed about as his own) occasion'd their being lost, and for that cause only not return'd.” A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following Epigram:

- “More always smiles whenever he recites;
- “He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
- “And yet in this no vanity is shown;
- “A modest man may like what's not his own.

This young Gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. *Savage* son of the late Earl *Rivers*; who having shewn some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. *More*, wherein Mr. *Pope* was called *first of the tuneful train*, Mr. *More* the next morning sent to Mr. *Savage* to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, “That *Pope* might now be the *first*, because *More* had left him unrival'd in turning his style to Comedy.” This

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose:

“ This prize is mine ; who tempt it are my foes ;

NOTES.

was during the rehearsal of the *Rival Modes*, his first and only work ; the Town condemn'd it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest Motto,

Hic cæsus, artemque repono.

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at *Bleinheim*, by Dr. *Evans* : *Cosmelia*, by Mr. *Pit*, Mr. *Jones*, &c. The Mock-marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl—for a Parson, by Dr. *W.* The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a *Friend*. Certain Physical works on Sir *James Baker* ; and some unown'd Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our author in the *Daily Journal*.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the Person imagined by *Curl* to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion ; since our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him ; since the name itself is not spell'd *Moore*, but *More* ; and lastly, since the learned *Scriblerus* has so well proved the contrary.

VER. 50. *the phantom More.*] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. *More* from $\mu\omega\gamma\epsilon$, *stultus*, $\mu\omega\gamma\iota\alpha$, *stultitia*, to represent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Erasmus, *Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriae vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus.* Dedication of *Moriae Encomium* to Sir Tho. More ; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, *Vale, More ! & moriam tuam gnawiter defende.* Adieu, More ! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIBL.

VER. 53. *But lofty Lintot*] We enter here upon the episode of the Booksellers ; Persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the Authors in this poem, do therefore need less expla-

“ With me begun this genius, and shall end.” 55
 He spoke : and who with Lintot shall contend ?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
 Stood dauntless Curl ; “ Behold that rival here ?

NOTES.

nation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a *Bull*. This eminent Bookseller printed the *Rival Modes* before-mentioned.

VER. 58. *Stood dauntless Curl* ;] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at ; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever ; he caused them to write what he pleased ; they could not call their very *Names* their own. He was not only famous among these ; he was taken notice of by the *State*, the *Church* and the *Law*, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity : He speaks like the intrepid Diomed ; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles ; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus ; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is *favoured of the Gods* ; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard ! a Goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter ; Though he loses the prize, he gains the victory ; the great Mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetic : After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations : Many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent

“ The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won ;
 “ So take the hindmost, Hell, (he said) and run.”
 Swift as a bard the Bailiff leaves behind, 61
 He left huge Lintot, and out-strip’d the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles, thro’ the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;

NOTES.

and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his Writings: Witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the *Court Poems*, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality; but being first threatned, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him: So true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, “ that any one shall be, “ at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but *seen* or *spoken* to a good or bad man.”

IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *So take the hindmost, hell,*]

Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est.
 Hor. de Arte.

VER. 61. &c. Something like this in Homer, Il. x. ver. 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his similes are also imitated in the two following; the first, of the Bailiff, is short, unadorned, and (as the Critics well know) from *familiar life*; the second of the Water-fowl more extended, picturesque, and from *rural life*. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer.

So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands and head, 65
 Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake, 69
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make :

NOTES.

VER. 70. *Curl's Corinna*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. T——, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwel, and sold them without the consent of either of those Gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades,
 and hops ;*

So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands and head,]

———So eagerly the Fiend
 O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' streight, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

Milton, Book ii.

VER. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.]*

Milton, of the motion of the Swan,

———rows

His state with oary feet.

And Dryden, of another's,—*With two left legs—*

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide ; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard ! Bernard ! rings thro' all the Strand.
 Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd, 75
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid :

NOTES.

VER. 75. *Obscene with filth, etc.*] Though this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an Epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil; the very words *ὀύθι* and *simus* are used by them, though our poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raised the versification, in this episode, and in the following one of Eliza. Mr. Dryden in *Mac-Fleckno*, has not scrupled to mention the *Morning Toast* at which the fishes bite in the Thames, *Pissing Alley*, *Relicks of the Bum*, etc. but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of Virgil in his *Georgics*) *tosses about his Dung with an air of Majesty*. If we consider that the exercises of his *Authors* could with justice be no higher than *tickling, chattering, braying, or diving*, it was no easy matter to invent such games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of *Booksellers*. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Nisus, the persons drawn in this plight, are *Heroes*; whereas here they are such with whom it had

IMITATIONS.

VER. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to slide ;*]

Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvencis

Fusus humum viridesque super madefecerat herbas—

Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore.

Virg. *Æn.* v. of Nisus.

VER. 74. *And Bernard ! Bernard !*]

—Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret. Virg. *Ecl.* vi.

Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)

The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear Jove ! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any God's, or more; 80
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear, 85
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind ;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind :
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply ; 90

NOTES.

been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas ; besides the natural connection there is between Libellers and common Nuisance. Nevertheless I have heard our author own, that this part of his Poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble and pleased him least ; but that he hoped it was excusable, since levelled at such as understand no delicate satire : Thus the politest men are obliged sometimes to swear, when they happen to have to do with porters and oyster-wenches.

VER. 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.*]
The Bible, Curl's sign : the Cross-keys, Lintot's.

VER. 83. See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus ; where this fiction is more extended.]

IMITATIONS.

VER. 83. *A place there is, betwixt air, earth, and seas,*
Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,
Cœlestesque plagas—— Ovid. Met. xii,

Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare! 96
Oft had the Goddess heard her servants call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Lift'ning delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene; 100
Where as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong 105
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;

NOTES.

VER. 93. Alludes to Homer, *Iliad*. v.

— ῥέε δ' ἀμβροτον αἶμα θεοῖο,

Ἰχῶρ, οἷον πρὸς το ῥέει μακάρεσσιν θεοῖσιν.

A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd,

Sanguine, such as celestial sp'rits may bleed. Milton.

VER. 93. *Cloacina*] The Roman Goddess of the common-sewers.

VER. 101. *Where as he fish'd, etc.*] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's *Miscellanies*.

VER. 104. *As oil'd with magic juices*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, *etc.*

Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight, 111
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air;
Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift, 115
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
That suit an unpay'd taylor snatch'd away.

NOTES.

VER. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See Note on ver. 50.

VER. 118. *an unpay'd taylor*] This line has been loudly complained of in *Mist*, June 8, *Dedic. to Sawny and others*, as a most inhuman satire on the *poverty of Poets*.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 108. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*]

——— faciem ostentabat, et udo

Turpia membra fimo———

Virg. *Æn.* v.

VER. 111. *A shapeless shade, etc.*]

——— Effugit imago

Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

Virg. *Æn.* vi.

VER. 114. *His papers, light, fly diverse, tost in air;*]
Virg. *Æn.* vi. of the Sibyl's leaves,

Carmina———

turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

No rage, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120

Heav'n rings with laughter : of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grubstreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior ;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run : delusive thought !
Breval, Bond, Befaleel, the varlets caught. 126

NOTES.

But it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of *Taylors*. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen ; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad *pay-master*, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but Poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as *non-payment* ; which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce that, “ if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because no body would trust him.” Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

VER. 124. *like Congreve, Addison, and Prior ;*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Befaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in news-papers.—“ Bond writ a satire against Mr. P.—Capt. Breval was author of the “ *Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance to “ expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and some ladies of “ quality.” says CURL, Key, p. 11.

VER. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins,*] Booksellers, and Printers of much anonymous stuff.

VER. 126. *Breval, Bond, Befaleel,*] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may seem ;

Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John :
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape. 130

To him the Goddeſs : Son ! thy grief lay down
 And turn this whole illuſion on the town :
 As the ſage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of Toaſts retails each batter'd Jade ;
 (Whence hapleſs Monſieur much complains at Paris
 Of wrongs from Dutcheſſes and Lady Maries ; 136
 Be thine, my ſtationer ! this magic gift ;
 Cook ſhall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift :

NOTES.

but be not deceived, reader ; theſe alſo are not real perſons. 'Tis true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called *The Confederates* ; but the ſame Curl firſt ſaid it was written by Joſeph Gay : Is his ſecond aſſertion to be credited any more than his firſt ? He likewiſe affirms Bond to be one who writ a ſatire on our poet : But where is ſuch a ſatire to be found ; where was ſuch a writer ever heard of ? As for Beſaleel, it carries forgery in the very name ; nor is it as the others are, a ſurname. Thou may'ſt depend upon it, no ſuch authors ever lived ; all phantoms. SCRIBL.

VER. 128. *Joſeph Gay*, a fictitious name put by Curl before ſeveral pamphlets, which made them paſs with many for Mr. Gay's.—The ambiguity of the word *Joſeph*, which likewiſe ſignifies a looſe upper-coat, gives much pleaſantry to the idea. W.

VER. 132. *And turn this whole illuſion on the town :*] It was a common practice of this bookſeller to publiſh vile pieces of obſcure hands under the names of eminent authors.

VER. 138. *Cook ſhall be Prior,*] The man here ſpecified writ a thing called *The Battle of Poets*, in which Phi-

So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison.

NOTES.

lips and Welsted were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his Innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

VER. 138. *and Concanen, Swift :*] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

VER. 139.—*each hostile name become our own,*] In plain truth (saith *Scriblerus*) a very bungling Trick. How much better might our worthy brethren of Grubstreet have been taught (as in many things they already have) by our good friends the Polemical Divines; who when they make free with their neighbours, rather chuse his *good works* than his *good name*; as knowing that those will procure them a *name of their own*: And while the Rhimer gives his works in another man's name; the Reasoner, more wisely, gives his name to another man's works. Thus the Father of modern Orthodoxy transferred the learning of Bp. Bull, into his defences of the Catholic Faith; and his Answerer, *Jackson*, tho' inferior to him in all other respects, yet went beyond him in this, that he took some whole discourses of Dr. Clarke, to himself. A superiority of contrivance he had probably learnt from that famous Seller of Brooms, who when his less successful Competitor expressed his surprise that he could sell cheaper than himself, for to tell you a secret, Brother, (says he) "I steal my materials;" replied, Go you fool, I will tell you a greater, "I steal mine ready made."

VER. 140. *And we too boast our Garth and Addison.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury,

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)

REMARKS.

Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be author of the *Careless Husband*.) It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The *Dispensary* attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, drew in *parts of private character*, and introduced *persons independent of his subject*. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets, (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author:

“ The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
“ (Tho’ neither birds of moral kind)
“ Yet serve, if hang’d, or stuff’d with straw,
“ To shew us which way blows the wind.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 141, 142.—*piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face.*)]

—Risit pater optimus illi.—

Me liceat casum misereri infantis amici—

Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immanae leonis, &c.

Virg. *Æn.* v.

A shaggy Tap'stry, worthy to be spread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed ;

REMARKS.

“ Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
“ Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
“ Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
“ And point instruction ev'ry way.

With Ægypt's art thy pen may strive ;

“ One potent drop let this but shed,
“ And ev'ry Rogue that stunk alive,
“ Becomes a precious Mummy dead.”

VER. 142. *rueful length of face*)] “ The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his *Genius*: An honest mind will love and esteem a *man of worth*, tho' he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the Dunciad hath libelled a person for his *rueful length of face*!” *Mist's Journal*, June 8. This *Genius* and *man of worth*, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curl. True it is, he stood in the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, tho' it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curl. But as to reflections on any man's face, or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently ; “ Natural deformity comes not by our fault ; 'tis often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to.—But the deformity of this *Author* is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the Mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species : and they who have refused to take this warning which God and Nature have given them, and have in spite of it, by a senseless presumption ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. 'Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil,” &c. DENNIS, *Character of Mr. P. octavo*, 1716.

Instructive work ! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.

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REMARKS.

Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a Critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts not *him*; whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it. Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a *little ass* or a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *toothless lion* or an *old serpent*. Indeed, had I written these notes (as once was my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balatro*, *calceatum caput*, *scurra in triviis*, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned: But in our mother tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved. SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shews his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable Verses;

" While Malice, Pope, denies thy page

" Its own celestial fire;

" While Critics, and while Bards in rage,

" Admiring, won't admire:

" While wayward pens thy worth assail,

" And envious tongues decry;

" These times tho' many a Friend bewail,

" These times bewail not I:

" But when the world's loud praise is thine,

" And spleen no more shall blame,

" When with thy Homer thou shalt shine

" In one establish'd fame:

F 2

Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.

REMARKS.

“ When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay

“ Devote a wreath to thee;

“ That day (for come it will) that day

“ Shall I lament to see.

VER. 143. *A shaggy Tap'stry,*] A sorry kind of Tapestry frequent in old Inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff; like that which is spoken of by Donne—*Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings.* The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in *Æn.* v.

VER. 144. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;*] Of Codrus the poets bed, see Juvenal, describing his poverty very copiously, Sat. iii. ver. 103, &c.

Lectus orat Codrus, &c.

Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out.
His cupboard's head fix earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd;
And to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron, cast from honest clay.
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd,
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And on heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost. DRYDEN.

But Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c. to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, “ that Juvenal never satirized the Poverty of Codrus.”

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler: he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

VER. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly pa-

There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150

Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And oh ! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows ?
In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen, 155
And the fresh vomit run for ever green !

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist ;

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per called the Observator : He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

VER. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper,*] Authors of the Flying post and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

VER. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies.*] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and

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VER. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,*] Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
Constitit, & lacrymans ; Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate !
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ? Virg. Æn. i.

VER. 156. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green !*] A parody on these lines of a late noble author:

His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.

VER. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist ;*] Cressa genus, Pholoë, geminique sub ubere nati.

Virg. Æn. v.

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd, 159
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.

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whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miscell.

VER. 157. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,*] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scriblers (for the most part of that sex, which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the Irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of Epic poesy.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Eliza Haywood*; this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the court of Carimania, and the new Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, see CURL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this Lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for *Reformation of manners*, and declared herself "to be
" so perfectly acquainted with the *sweetness of his disposi-*
" *tion* and that *tendernefs with which he considered the*
" *errors of his fellow-creatures*; that, though she should
" find the *little inaavertencies* of her *own life* recorded in
" his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a
" manner as she could not but approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, Hist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

VER. 160. *Kirkall*, the name of an Engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them,

The Goddeſs then : “ Who beſt can fend on high
 “ The ſaliant ſpout, far ſtreaming to the ſky ;
 “ His be yon Juno of majeſtic ſize,
 “ With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
 “ This China Jordan let the chief o’ercome 165
 “ Replenish, not ingloriouſly, at home.”

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious ſtrife,
 (Tho’ this his Son diſſuades, and that his Wife.)

REMARKS.

VER. 167. *Osborne, Thomas*] A Bookseller in Gray’s-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here inſtead of a leſs deſerving predecessor. This man publiſhed advertisements for a year together, pretending to ſell Mr. Pope’s Subscription books of Homer’s Iliad at half the price: Of which books he had none, but cut to the ſize of them (which was Quarto) the common books in folio, without Copper-plates, on a worſe paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this Adverſement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739. “ How melancholy muſt it be to a writer

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VER. 163. ——— yon Juno ———

With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In alluſion to Homer’s Βοῶπις ὠότρια Ἥγη.

VER. 165. *This China Jordan*]

Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito. Virg. *Æn.* vi.

In the games of Homer, Iliad xxiii. there are ſet together, as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the Kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is juſtly diſpleaſed. Mrs. H. is here treated with diſtinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

One on his manly confidence relies,
 One on his vigour and superior size. 170
 First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
 It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
 So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
 (Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)
 A second effort brought but new disgrace, 175
 The wild Meander wash'd the Artist's face:
 Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock,

REMARKS.

“ to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale
 “ in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with Honour to
 “ yourself, and Justice to your Subscribers, can this be
 “ done? What an Ingratitude to be charged on the *Only*
 “ *honest poet* that lived in 1738! and than whom *Virtue*
 “ has not had a *shriller Trumpeter* for many ages! That
 “ you were once *generally admired and esteemed* can be de-
 “ nied by none; but that you and your works are now
 “ despised, is verified by *this fact*:” which being utterly

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VER. 169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,*
One on his vigour]

Ille—melior motu, fretusque juvena;

Hic membris & mole valens.

Virg. Æn. v.

VER. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow—*

(Sure sign,——

The words of Homer, of the Rain-bow, in Iliad xi.

——ὥς τε Κρονίων

Ἐν νεφεῖ σήριξε, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων

Que le fils de Saturne a fondé dans les nûes, pour être
 dans tous les âges une signe à tous les mortels. Dacier.

Not so from shameless Curl ; impetuous spread
 The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head. 180
 So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns ;
 Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn ;
 His rapid waters in their passage burn.

REMARKS.

false, did not indeed much humble the Author, but drew this just chastisement on the Bookseller.

VER. 183. *Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn ;*] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow ;
 His rapid waters in their passage glow.

This I cannot but think the right : For first, though the difference between *burn* and *glow* may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)*
Eridanus

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Geor. iv.

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu,
 Eridanus, quo non alius per pingua culta
 In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill :

Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost ;
 Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes: 185
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.

Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.

REMARKS.

a je ne sçay quoi, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he used this word *glow* in other parts of his works: To instance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one resentment glows.

(2.) Iliad xi. ver. 626.—There the battle glows.

(3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—The closing flesh that instant
ceas'd to glow.

(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompass'd Hector glows.

(5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breast with gen'rous
ardour glows.

(6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.—Another part glow'd with re-
fulgent arms.

(7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on silver props in
order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this *beautiful word*, which, therefore, let *all future editions* replace here.

I am aware, after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curl's condition at this time: But from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every *lover of our author* will conclude he had more *humanity* than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befall him purely by his *own fault*, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. THEOBALD, half SCRIBL.

VER. 187. *The high-wrought day,*] Some affirm, this was originally, *well-p—st day*; but the Poet's decency would not suffer it.

Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for Authors nobler palms remain ; 191
Room for my Lord ! three jockeys in his train ;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair ;
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His Honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest, 195
“ He wins this Patron, who can tickle best.”

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state :
With ready quills the Dedicators wait ;
Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ; 200
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace :
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys ;
Then his nice taste directs our Operas :

REMARKS.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifests great anger ; he exclaims against all such *Conjectural Emendations* in this manner : “ Let it suffice, O Pallas ! that every noble An-
“ cient *Greek* or *Roman*, hath suffered the impertinent
“ correction of every *Dutch*, *German*, and *Switz* School-
“ master ! Let our English at least escape, whose intrin-
“ sic is scarce of marble so solid, as not to be impaired
“ or soiled by such rude and dirty hands. Suffer them
“ to call their works their own, and after death at least
“ to find rest and sanctuary from Critics ! When these men
“ have ceased to *rail*, let them not begin to do worse, to
“ *comment* ! Let them not conjecture into nonsense, cor-
“ rect out of all correctness, and restore into obscurity
“ and confusion. Miserable fate ! which can befall only

Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes, 205
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

REMARKS.

“ the sprightliest wits that have written, and will befall
“ them only from such dull ones as could never write !”

VER. 203. *Paulo Antonio Rolli*, an Italian Poet, and writer of many Operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine Gentlemen, who affected to direct the Operas.

VER. 205. *Bentley his mouth, &c.*] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the Ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. A taste of his *Classic Elocution* may be seen in his following Panegyric on the Peace of Utrecht. *O Cupimus Patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud Orbis Anglicani jubar, adorare ! O ingens Reipublicæ nostræ columnen ! O fortunatam tanta Heroe Britanniam ! Illi tali tantoque viro DEUM per Omnia adfuisse, manumque ejus & mentem direxisse CERTISSIMUM EST. Hujus enim Unius ferme opera, æquissimis & perhonorificis conditionibus, diuturno, heu nimium ! bello, finem impositum videmus. O Diem æterna memoria dignissimam ! qua terrores Patriæ omnes excidit, Pacemque diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ restituit, illi Populi Anglicani Amor, Harleius.*

Thus critically (that is, verbally) translated :

“ Thy Father, that most refulgent star of the Anglican
“ Orb, we much desire to *adore* ! O mighty Column of
“ our *Republic* ! Oh Britain, fortunate in such an *Hero* !
“ That to such and so great a Man God was ever present,
“ in *every thing*, and all along directed both his hand and
“ his heart, is a *Most Absolute Certainty* ! For it is in a
“ manner by the operation of this *Man alone*, that we

But Welsted most the Poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;
 Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
 The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. in the first Ed.

But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm, &c.

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“ behold a *War* (alas! how much too long an one!)
 “ brought at length to an end, *on the most just and most*
 “ *honourable Conditions*. Oh Day eternally to be memo-
 “ rated! wherein all the Terrors of his Country were
 “ ended, and a PEACE (long wish'd for by *almost all Eu-*
 “ *rope*) was restored by HARLEY, the Love and Delight
 “ of the People of England.”

But that this Gentleman can write in a different style, may be seen in a letter he printed to Mr. Pope, wherein several Noble Lords are treated in a most extraordinary language, particularly the Lord Bolingbroke abused for that very PEACE which he here makes the *single work* of the Earl of Oxford, directed by *God Almighty*.

VER. 207. *Welsted*] Leonard Welsted, author of *The Triumvirate*, or a Letter in verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the Hymn of a *Gentleman* to his *Creator*: And there was another in praise either of a Cellar, or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the treatise *Περὶ Βάθους*, or the Art of Sinking, as a Dapper, and after as an Eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728. He was also characterized under another animal, a Mole, by the author of the ensuing Simile, which was handed about at the same time:

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
 A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
 Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
 What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
 Her sister sends, her vot'ress, from above. 216
 As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
 To touch Achilles' only tender part;
 Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off, his Grace's Secretary. 220

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- “ Dear Welsted, mark, in a dirty hole,
 “ That painful animal, a Mole:
 “ Above ground never born to grow;
 “ What mighty stir it keeps below?
 “ To make a Mole-hill all this strife!
 “ It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
 “ How proud a little dirt to spread;
 “ Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
 “ 'Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
 “ It blunders into Light and dies.

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

VER. 213. *A youth unknown to Phœbus, &c.*] The satire of this Episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men: That altho' their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such vain, braggart, puffed Nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded.

SCRIBL.

Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noise.
 To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
 With Shakespear's nature, or with Johnson's art,
 Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul 225
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!
 Such happy arts attention can command,
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230
 Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him, whose chatt'ring flames the Monkey tribe:

REMARKS.

VER. 226. *With Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,*] The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, " 'Sdeath! that is my Thunder."

VER. 228.—*with a tolling bell;*] A mechanical help to the Pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of Tragedy.

VER. 231. *Three Cat-calls*] Certain musical instruments used by one sort of Critics to confound the Poets of the Theatre.

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VER. 223, 225. *To move, to raise, &c.*

Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake, &c.]

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
 Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.
 Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
 Hæ tibi erunt artes——

And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Asfs.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din :
The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in ; 236
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart, 240
And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
Hold (cry'd the Queen) a Cat-call each shall win ;
Equal your merits ! equal is your din !
But that this well-disputed game may end, 245
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the gild awake ; 250

REMARKS.

VER. 238. *Norton,*] See ver. 417.—*J. Durant Breval*,
Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and
some Poems. See before, Note on ver. 126.

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VER. 243. *A Cat-call each to win, &c.*]

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,

Et vitula tu dignus, & hic.—

Virg. Ecl. iii.

VER. 247. *As when the &c.*] A Simile with a long
tail, in the manner of Homer.

Sore sighs fir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
 So swells each wind-pipe; Afs intones to Afs,
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
 Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Euthusiast blows, 255
 High Sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
 Or such as bellow from the deep Divine;
 There Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield!
 thine.

But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260

REMARKS.

VER. 258. *Webster—and Whitefield*] The one the writer of a News-paper called the *Weekly Miscellany*; the other a Field-preacher. The Enthusiast thought the only means of advancing Religion was by the New-birth of spiritual madness: The Bigott, by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober Clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful Bigotry and Enthusiasm are, while the civil Magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, to be employed against the other. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 260. *Bray back to him again.*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil.

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit. Georg. iii.
 He hears his num'rous herds low o'er the plain,
 While neighb'ring hills *low* back to them again. Cowley.
 The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by ap-
 VOL. V. G

In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;
 Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round;
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 265
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

REMARKS.

VER. 263. *Long Chanc'ry-lane*] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humorously allegorized in these lines.

VER. 268. *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,
 and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books:

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plying it to the sound of *Armour, War. etc.* In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry.

VER. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;*
 Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca.

Virg. Ecl. viii.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-Hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virgil, *Æn. vii.* on the sounding the horn of Alecto:

Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus audiit amnis
 Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini, etc.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning pray'r, and flagellation end)

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REMARKS.

Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is styled afterwards the *everlasting Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, that "this admirable author did not think himself upon the *same foot* with *Homer*." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the times? p. 25. who says, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been *so much as named*, or even *thought of* among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's *Action* (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no *Fable*, and no *Heroic Poem*: His Narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his Narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic."—Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has *no Genius*; first laying down, that "Genius is caused by a *furious joy and pride of soul*, on the conception of an *extraordinary Hint*. Many Men (says he) have their *Hints*, without these motions of *fury and pride of soul*, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the forementioned *motions*, without the *extraordinary hints*; and these we call fustian writers. But he declares that Sir Richard had neither the *Hints*, nor the *Motions*." Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696: Preface.

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,

REMARKS.

This gentleman in his first works, abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (*Essay on Polite Writing*, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curl, that he was author of a *Travestie on the first Psalm*. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an *Argument to prove it*; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. “It was he who burlesqued the Psalm of David. It is *apparent* to me that the Psalm was burlesqued by a *Popish rhymester*. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up *Protestants* be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be *Atheists*, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a *Popish rhymester* has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings; now shew me another *Popish rhymester* but he.” This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of *Impiety and Irreligion*. “All Mr. Blackmore’s celestial Machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the church of England; for the visible descent of an angel must be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the Church of England, that miracles had ceased a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world. Now if the doctrine of the church of England be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they have so much as divine probability, then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false. So I leave it to every impartial

The King of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper fable blots the silver flood, 274

“ Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in,
“ Here prove who best can dash thro’ thick and thin,
“ And who the most in love of dirt excel,
“ Or dark dexterity of groping well.
“ Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
“ The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound,

REMARKS.

Clergyman to consider,” *etc.* Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

VER. 270. (*As morning pray’r, and flagellation end.*) It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the *time* of the day : Homer does it by the circumstance of the Judges rising from court, or of the Labourers dinner ; our author by one very proper both to the *Persons* and the *Scene* of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord-mayor’s day : The first book passed in that *night* ; the next *morning* the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by Bookfellers) then they proceed by Bridewell towards Fleet-ditch, and lastly thro’ Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddesses.

VER. 276, 277, 278.—*dash thro’ thick and thin,—love of dirt—dark dexterity*] The three chief qualifications of Party-writers : to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guesses.

VER. 280. *the weekly Journals*] Papers of news and

IMITATIONS.

VER. 273. *The King of dykes ! etc.*]

Fluviorum rex Eridanus,

——quo non alius, per pingua culta,

In mare purpureum violentior influat amnis.

Virg.

“ A pig of lead to him who dives the best ; 281

“ A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.”

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands ;

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scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, *etc.* the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others: persons never seen by our author.

VER. 282, “ *A peck of coals a-piece*] Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the *Poverty* of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a Thief, a Pick-pocket, a Highwayman, or a Knight of the post are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add a *needy* Thief, a *poor* Pick-pocket, an *hungry* Highwayman, a *starving* Knight of the post, *etc.*

VER. 283. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,*] Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient Critic of our Nation: an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304. is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43. which says of his own Simile, that “ ’Tis as great
“ as ever entered into the mind of man. In Poetry he
“ was not so happy as laborious, and therefore character-
“ ized by the Tatler, No. 62. by the name of *Omicron* the
“ *Unborn Poet.*” Curl, Key; p. 13. “ He writ Dramatic
“ works, and a volume of Poetry consisting of heroic Epi-
“ fles, *etc.* some whereof are very well done,” said that great Judge Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

Then sighing thus, “ And am I now three-score ?
 “ Ah why, ye Gods ! should two and two make four ?

REMARKS.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of History, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the Historians in his Collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a *particular fact* to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the lord Clarendon's History ; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them ; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

VER. 286. “ *Ah, why, ye Gods ! should two and two make four ?*”] Very reasonably doth this ancient Critic complain. Without doubt it was a fault in the Constitution of things : For the *World*, as a great writer saith, *being given to man for a subject of disputation*, he might think himself mocked with a penurious gift, were any thing made certain. Hence those superior masters of wisdom, the *Sceptics* and *Academics*, reasonably conclude that *two and two do not make four*.

SCRIBL. W.

But we need not go so far, to remark what the Poet principally intended, the absurdity of complaining of *old*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 285. *Then sighing thus, And am I now threescore ?*
 &c.]

—Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
 Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos. Ovid.

He said, and clim'd a stranded lighter's height,
 Shot to the black abyfs, and plung'd downright,
 The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
 Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher. 290

Next Smedley div'd; flow circles dimpled o'er
 The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more.
 All look, all sigh, and call on Smedly lost;
 Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast. 294

REMARKS.

age, which must necessarily happen, as long as we are indulged in our desires of adding one year to another.

VER. 291. *Next Smedly div'd;*] In the surreptitious editions, this whole Episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The Allegory evidently demands a person dipp'd in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work: whereas Mr. Eusden's works rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous Pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in octavo, 1728.

VER. 295. *Then * essay'd;*] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 293. *and call on Smedley lost; &c.*]

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,

Hylas, in vain, resounds thro' all the coast.

Lord Roscom. Translat. of Virgil's vith Ecl.

Then * essay'd ; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
 He buoys up instant, and returns to light :
 He bears no tokens of the fabler streams,
 And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.
 True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
 A cold, long-winded, native of the deep :

300

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 298. in the first Edit. followed these,

Far worse unhappy D——r succeeds,
 He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

REMARKS.

on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and personal invectives.

VER. 299. *Concanen*] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, p. 7. accuses him of “ having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him.” He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the *Speculatist*. In a pamphlet, called a *Supplement to the Profund*, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome’s verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the duke of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamaui*. He was since a hired scribler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was surprisngly promoted to administer Justice and Law in Jamaica.

If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
 Not everlasting Blackmore this denies :
 No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
 Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack, 305
 With each a sickly brother at his back :
 Sons of a Day ! just buoyant on the flood,
 Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
 Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
 The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310
 Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
 Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone !
 And Monumental Brass this record bears,
 " These are,—ah no ! these were the Gazetteers !"

REMARKS.

VER. 306, 307. *With each a sickly brother at his back : Sons of a day, &c.*] These were daily Papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

VER. 311. *like Niobe*] See the story in Ovid, Met. vii. where the miserable Petrefaction of this old Lady is pathetically described.

VER. 312 *Osborne,*] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

VER. 314. *Gazetteers*] We ought not to suppress that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachronism,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore*]

Nec bonus Eurytion praelato invidit honori, &c.

Virg. Æn.

Not so bold Arnall ; with a weight of skull, 315
Furious he dives precipitately dull.

REMARKS.

affirming these Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert, these Gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this Day. Surely therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly.

SCRIBL.

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men ; though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from Statesmen, Courtiers, Bishops, Deans and Doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with Money ; others with Places or Benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a year. It appears from the *Report of the Secret Committee* for enquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O. “ That no less than *fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds, eighteen shillings*, were paid to “ Authors and Printers of News-papers, such as Free- “ Britons, Daily-Courants, Corn-Cutters Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, “ 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741.” Which shews the Benevolence of one Minister to have expended, for the current dullness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual Pensions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Pension at Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Universities, of any Consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his Learning separately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing.

Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance, 320
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.

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It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great Minister, not one is at this day extant or remember'd; not even so much credit done to his Personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our Author:

Seen him I have; but in his *happier hour*
Of social pleasure, ill exchange'd for *Pow'r*!
 Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe,
Smile without Art, and *win without a Bribe*.

VER. 315. *Arnall*] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect Genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the Author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his Predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: Witness a paper, called the Free-Briton; a Dedication intitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the afore-said REPORT, that he received "for Free-Britons, and
 " other writings, in the space of *four years*, no less than

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
 With holy envy gave one Layman place.
 When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood 325
 Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud;
 Shaking the horrors of his fable brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares, 330
 First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
 How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
 Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below, 335
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.

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“ *ten thousand nine hundred and ninety seven pounds, six shil-
 lings, and eight pence, out of the Treasury.*” But fre-
 quently, thro' his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds
 of his commission, and obliged his honourable Patron to
 disavow his scurrilities.

VER. 336. *As Hylas fair*] Who was ravished by the
 water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The story is told
 at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil,
 Ecl. vi.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:*
 Virg. Æn. vi. of the Sibyl:

—— majorque videri,
 Nec mortale sonans ——

Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown
maids

A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades.
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting Vapours from the land of dreams, 340
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's off'ring to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:

Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep, 345
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend Bards repose,
They led him soft; each rev'rend Bard arose;

REMARKS.

VER. 338. *A branch of Styx, &c.*]

Οἱ τ' ἀμφ' ἱμερὸν Τίταρήσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,
Ὅς ἔ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλιῤῥόον ὕδωρ,
Οὐδ' ὄγε Πηνειῶ' συμμίσγειται ἀργυροδίνῃ,
Ἀλλὰ τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιῤῥέει ἡύτ' ἔλαιον.
Ὅρκῃ γὰρ δεινῇ Στυγὸς ὕδαλός ἐστιν ἀποῤῥέωξ.

Homer, Il. ii. Catal.

Of the land of Dreams in the same region, he makes

IMITATIONS.

VER. 346. *Thence to the bank, &c.*]

Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus, amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
Ascræo quos ante seni——&c.

And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350

“Receive (he said) these robes which once were
mine,

“Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.”

He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.

Around him wide a sable Army stand, 355
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,

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mention, Odyss. xxiv. See also Lucian's true History. *Lethe* and the *Land of Dreams* allegorically represent the *Stupefaction* and *visionary Madness* of Poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alpheus's water gliding secretly under the sea of Pisa, to mix with those of Arethuse in Sicily, see Moschus, Idyll. viii. Virg, Ecl. x.

Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.

And again, Æn. iii.

—Alpheum fama est huc, Elidis amnem,
Occultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc
Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.

VER. 349. *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn a Clergyman, the fairest of Critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

VER. 355. *Around him wide, &c.*] It is to be hoped that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the Author meant it, of such only of the Clergy, who, tho' solemnly engaged in the service of

Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
Heav'n's Swifs, who fight for any God, or Man.

Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, 360
'Till show'rs of Sermons, Characters, Essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways :
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.

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Religion, dedicate themselves, for venal and corrupt ends, to the service of Ministers or Factions ; and tho' educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aspire to interfere in the government of it, and consequently, to disturb and disorder it ; in which they fall short of their Predecessors only by being invested with much less of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in supporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion ; in canonizing the vices of Tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of Patriots ; in corrupting religion by superstition, or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of Policy, or flatter the follies of the Great. W.

VER. 359. *Lud's fam'd gates,*] “ King Lud repairing
“ the City, called it after his own name, Lud's Town ;
“ the strong gate which he built in the west part, he likewise for his own honour, named Ludgate. In the
“ year 1260. this gate was beautified with images of
“ Lud and other Kings. Those images in the reign of
“ Edward VI. had their Heads smitten off, and were
“ otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen Mary
“ did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The
“ 28th of Queen Elizabeth the same gate was clean taken
“ down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images
“ of Lud and others, as afore.” *Stowe's Survey of London.*

Here stopt the Goddess ; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games. 366

“ Ye Critics ! in whose heads, as equal scales
“ I weigh what author’s heaviness prevails ;
“ Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
“ My H—ly’s periods, or my Blackmore’s numbers ;
“ Attend the trial we propose to make : 371
“ If there be man, who o’er such works can wake,
“ Sleep’s all-subduing charms who dares defy,
“ And boasts Ulysses’ ear with Argus’ eye ;
“ To him we grant our amplest pow’rs to sit 375
“ Judge of all present, past, and future wit ;
“ To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
“ Full and eternal privilege of tongue.”

Three College Sophs, and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same ; 380
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.
The pond’rous books two gentle readers bring !
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clam’rous croud is hush’d with mugs of Mum,
’Till all tun’d equal, send a gen’ral hum, 386

REMARKS.

VER. 374. See Hom. Odyss. xii. Ovid. Met. i.

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VER. 380, 381. *The same their talents—Each prompt, etc,*
Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, & respondere parati. Virg. Ecl. vi.

VER. 382. *And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.]*

Smit with the love of sacred song—— Milton.

VER. 384. *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring ;]*

Confedere duces, & vulgi stante corona. Ovid. Met. xiii.

Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
 Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
 Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
 At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low 391
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow.
 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
 And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.
 Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress'd
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's No kingdom here.* 400

VARIATIONS.

VER. 399. in the first Edit. it was,
 Collins and Tindal, prompt at Priests to jeer,

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VER. 388. *Thro' the long, heavy, painful Page, &c.*]
 " All these lines very well imitate the slow drowziness
 " with which they proceed. It is impossible to any one,
 " who has a poetical ear, to read them without perceiv-
 " ing the heaviness that lags in the verse, to imitate the
 " action it describes. The simile of the Pines is very
 " just and well adapted to the subject;" says an Enemy,
 in his Essay on the Dunciad, p. 21.

VER. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak,*] Famous for
 his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea
 scheme, &c. " He is a very ingenious gentleman, and
 " hath written some excellent Epilogues to plays, and
 " one small piece on Love, which is very pretty." Ja-
 cob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman
 since made himself much more eminent, and personally
 well known to the greatest Statesmen of all parties, as
 well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation.

Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em
 lies

Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
 As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405
 One circle first, and then a second makes;

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VER. 399. *Toland and Tindal,*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Religion of their Country. *Toland*, the Author of the *Atheist's Liturgy*, called *Pantheisticon*, was a spy in pay to Lord Oxford. *Tindal* was author of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, and *Christianity as old as the Creation*. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S——, which was suppressed, while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it, expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.

VER. 400. *Christ's no kingdom, &c.*] This is said by Curl, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop.

VER. 405. *As what a Dutchman, &c.*] It is a common and foolish mistake, that a ludicrous parody of a grave and celebrated passage is a ridicule of that passage. The reader therefore, if he will, may call this a parody of the author's own sublime Similitude in the Essay on Man, Ep. iv.

“ As the small pebble, &c.

but will any body therefore suspect the one to be a ridicule of the other? A ridicule indeed there is in every parody: but when the image is transferred from one subject to another, and the subject is not a *poem burlesqued* (which Scriblerus hopes the reader will distinguish from a *burlesque poem*) there the ridicule falls not on the thing imitated, but imitating. Thus, for instance, when

What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
 Like motion from one circle to the rest:
 So from the mid-moſt the nutation ſpreads
 Round and more round, o'er all the *ſea of heads*. 410
 At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
 Motteux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale,
 Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
 Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 413. in the firſt Edit. it was,
 T——s and T—— the Church and State o'er,
 Nor *** talk'd nor S—— whiſper'd more.

REMARKS.

“ Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breaſt,
 it is, without doubt, an object ridiculous enough. But I
 think it falls neither on old king Edward, nor his ar-
 mour; but on his *armour-bearer* only. Let this be ſaid to
 explain our Author's Parodies (a figure that has always a
 good effect in a mock epic poem) either from profane or
 ſacred writers. W.

VER. 411 *Centlivre*] Mrs. Suſanna Centlivre, wife to
 Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Maſteſty.
 She writ many Plays, and a Song (ſays Mr. Jacob, vol.
 i p. 32.) before ſhe was ſeven years old. She alſo
 writ a Ballad againſt Mr. Pope's Homer, before he be-
 gan it.

VER. 413. *Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,*
 A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political
 Collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wrote with great
 zeal againſt the Stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as

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VER. 110. *O'er all the ſea of heads.*]

A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
 And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed.

Norton, from Daniel and Oſtrea ſprung, 415

Bleſs'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,

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great: Their books were printed in 1726, Mr. Law affirmed, "The Playhouſe is the temple of the Devil; " the peculiar pleaſure of the Devil; where all they " who go yield to the Devil; where all the laughter " is a laughter among Devils; and all who are there are " hearing Muſic in the very Porch of Hell." To which Mr. Dennis replied, that "There is every jot as much " difference between a true Play, and one made by a " Poetaſter, as between *two religious books*, the *Bible* and " the *Alcoran*." Then he demonſtrates, that "All thoſe " who had written againſt the Stage were *Jacobites* and " *Non-jurors*; and did it always at a time when ſome- " thing was to be done for the *Pretender*. Mr. Collier " publiſhed his *Short View* when France declared for " the Chevalier; and his *Diſſuaſive*, juſt at the *great ſtorm*, when the deſtaſtation which that hurricane wrought, had amazed and aſtoniſhed the minds of " men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and " deſponding thoughts. Mr. Law took the opportunity " to attack the Stage upon the great preparations he " heard were making abroad, and which the *Jacobites* " flatter'd themſelves were deſign'd in their favour. And " as for Mr. Bedford's *Serious Remonſtrance*, though I " know nothing of the time of publiſhing, yet I dare " to lay odds it was either upon the Duke d'Aumont's " being at *Somerſet-houſe*, or upon the *late rebellion*."

DENNIS, Stage defended againſt Mr. Law, p. ult. The ſame Mr. Law is Author of a book, intitl'd, *An Appeal to all that doubt of or diſbelieve the truth of the Goſpel*, in which he has detail'd a *System* of the rankeſt *Spinoziſm*, for the moſt exalted *Theology*; and amongſt other things as rare, has inform'd us of this, that Sir *Iſaac Newton* ſtole the principles of his philoſophy from one *Jacob Behman*, a German cobbler.

VER. 414. *Morgan*] A writer againſt Religion, diſtin-

Hung silent down his never-blushing-head ;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay. 420
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews ;
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate !
How Henly lay inspir'd beside a sink, 425
And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink :

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guished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his Title, of a *Moral Philosopher*. W.

Ibid, *Mandevil*] Author of a famous book called *the Fable of the Bees* : written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian Virtue the imposition of fools ; and that Vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render Society flourishing and happy. W.

VER. 415. *Norton*] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creantur fortibus*. One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometime the honour to be abused with his betters ; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

VER. 426: *And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink:*] This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by *appearance* ; a lesson to all men, who may happen to see a reverend Person in the like situation, not to determine too rashly : since not

IMITATIONS.

VER. 418. *And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor :

All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead,

While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

only the Poets frequently describe a Bard inspired in this
posture,

(On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inspir'd.
and the like) but an eminent Casuist tells us, "that if a
" priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to ac-
" count it a deception of sight, or illusion of the Devil,
" who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men
" on purpose to cause scandal."

VER. 427. *Fleet*] A prison for insolvent Debtors on
the bank of the Ditch.

The End of the SECOND BOOK.

T H E D U N C I A D.

B O O K the T H I R D.

A R G U M E N T.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap: a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the Visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elyfian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her Empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows: how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the Theatres, and set up even at Court: then how her Sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences: giving a glympse, or Pisgah-sight, of the future Fulness of her Glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.



*A Slipshod Sibyl led his Steps along
In lofty Madness meditating Song.*
Dunciad, Book III.

B O O K III.

BUT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtains round with Vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
 Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow, 5
 Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.
 Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
 He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods :
 Hence the Fools Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
 The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream, 10
 The Maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
 And Poet's vision of eternal Fame.

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VER. 5, 6, *etc.* Hereby is intimated that the following Vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present Age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Genius's in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our Poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falsity.

SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen.

BENTL.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 7, 8. *Hence from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,*

He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:]

Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum

Colloquio ———

Virg. Æn. viii.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The King descending, views th' Elysian Shade.
 A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along, 15
 In lofty madness meditating song;
 Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
 Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar, 19
 (Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)

REMARKS.

VER. 15. *A slip-shod Sibyl*] This allegory is extremely just; no conformation of the mind so much subjecting it to real *Madness*, as that which produces real *Dulness*. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthusiasts of all ages were ever, in their natural state, most heavy and lumpish; but on the least application of *heat*, they run like lead, which of all metals falls quickest into fusion. Whereas *fire* in a Genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its constituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered steel) for the necessary impressions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard Lunacy as a mark of *Wit*, just as the Turks and our modern Methodists do of *Holiness*. But if the cause of Madness assigned by a great Philosopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the Dunces. He supposes it to be the *dwelling over long on one object or idea*: Now as this attention is occasioned either by grief or study, it will be fixed by dulness; which hath not quickness enough to comprehend what it seeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments. W.

VER. 19. *Taylor*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence: A rare example of modesty in a Poet!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 15. *A slip-shod Sibyl, etc.*]

Conclamat Vates ———

— furens antro se immisit aperto.

Virg.

Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.

Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull: 25

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I must confess I do want eloquence,
And never scarce did learn my Accidence;
For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
I there was gravel'd, could no farther get.

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Ale-house in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

VER. 21. *Benlowes*,] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronizing bad Poets, as may be seen from many Dedications of Quarles, and others to him. Some of these anagram'd his name, *Benlowes* into *Benevolus*: to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

VER. 22. *And Shadwell nods the Poppy, etc.*] Shadwell took Opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

VER. 24. *Old Bavius sits*.] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23 *Here, in a dusky vale, etc.*

— Videt Æneas in valle reducta

Seclusum nemus ———

Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem, etc.

Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, etc. Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 24. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls*,] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable:

At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti

Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,

Lustrabat ———

Virg. Æn. vi.

Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light,
 Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30

Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night, or morning dew,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory. 34

REMARKS.

author, though not in so christian-like a manner: For heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *bated* and *detested* for his evil works; *Qui Bavius non odit*; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great *Good Nature* and *Mercifulness* thro' the whole course of this Poem. SCRIBL.

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that "He and Mævius had" (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: For (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit." Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part. ii. c. i. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

VER. 28. *Brown and Mears*] Bookfellers, Printers for any body.—The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by Bookfellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

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VER. 28. *unbar the gates of Light*,] An Hemistich of Milton,

VER. 31, 32. *Millions and millions—Thick as the stars, etc.*]

Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo

Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto

Quam multæ glomerantur aves, etc. Virg. Æn. vi.

Wond'ring he gaz'd : When lo ! a Sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,

REMARKS.

VER. 34. *Ward in Pillory.*] John Ward of Hackney, Esq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curl (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a Gentleman in a satire, as a *great act of barbarity*, Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it. Durgen, 8vo. p. 11, 12. “How unworthy is it of *Christian Charity* to animate the *rabble* to abuse a *worthy man* in such a situation? What could move the Poet thus to mention a *brave sufferer*, a *gallant prisoner* exposed to the view of all mankind! It was laying aside his *Senses*, it was committing a *Crime*, for which the *Law is deficient* not to punish him! nay, a *Crime* which *Man can scarce forgive*, or *Time efface*! Nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great Lady, *etc.*” to whom this brave, honest, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery, proved in open Court. But it is evident, this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no Eggs were thrown at that Gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet, when he stood there.

VER. 36. *And length of ears,*] This is a *sophisticated* reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyists are mistaken here: I believe I may say the same of the Critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some Transcriber, whose head ran on the *Pillory*, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curl himself should overlook it! Yet that *Scholiast* takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for *personal Satire*

Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
 (His only suit) for twice three years before :
 All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same, 40

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on a *Man's face* (whereof doubtless he might take the *ear* to be a part) so likewise Concannen, Ralph, the Flying-Post, and all the herd of Commentators.—*Tota armenta sequuntur.*

A very little sagacity (which all these Gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore us to the true sense of the Poet, thus,

By his broad shoulders known, and length of *years*.

See how easy a change ; of one single letter ! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain ; but he was (happily) a stranger to the *Pillory*. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD's, partly SCRIBL.

VER. 37. *Settle*.] Elkanah Settle was once a Writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that “ he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the University of Cambridge there were those who gave him the *preference*.” Mr. Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf : “ Poor Settle was formerly the *Mighty rival* of Dryden ; “ nay, for *many years*, bore his reputation *above* him,” Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourn cried out, “ How little was Dryden able, even when his “ blood run high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle !” Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions ! and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of king Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems ; and being cried up on *one side*, succeeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empress of Morocco (the first that was ever printed with Cuts.) “ Upon this he grew insolent, the Wits writ against his “ Play, he replied, and the Town judged he had the

Bland and familiar as in life, begun

Thus the great Father to the greater Son.

Oh born to see what none can see awake!

Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake, 44

Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;

The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.

But blind to former as to future fate,

What mortal knows his pre-existent state?

Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul

Might from Bæotian to Bæotian roll? 50

How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?

How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?

And all who since, in mild benighted days,

Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.

As man's Mæanders to the vital spring 55

Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;

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“ better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the Town but the University of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah.” DENNIS, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

VER. 50. *Might from Bæotian, etc.,*] Bæotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now; tho' it produced one of the greatest Poets, and one of the greatest Generals of Greece:

Bæotum crasso jurares aere natum.

Horat.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54. *Mix'd the owl's ivy with the Poet's bays,*]

— sine tempora circum

Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.

Virg. Ecl. viii.

Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again :
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate. 60
 For this our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view :
 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind :
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign, 65
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 Her boundless empire over seas and lands.

REMARKS.

VER. 67. *Ascend this hill, etc.*] The scenes of this Vision are remarkable for the order of their appearance. First, from ver. 67 to 73. those places of the globe are shewn where Science *never* rose; then from ver. 74 to 83, those where she was destroyed by *Tyranny*; from ver. 85 to 95, by inundations of *Barbarians*; from ver. 96 to 106, by *Superstition*. Then Rome, the Mistress of arts, is described in her degeneracy; and lastly Britain, the scene of the Action of the poem; which furnishes the occasion of drawing out the Progeny of Dulness in review. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view :]*

This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, book xi. where the Angel

To noble fights from Adam's eye remov'd
 The film; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue
 The visual nerve—*For he had much to see.*

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole Episode.

See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line, 70
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright course begun:
One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds, 75
He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
Heavn's! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise, 80

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 73. in the former Ed.

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that Line of the
Introduction,

In eldest times, e'er Mortals writ or read,

which supposes the sun and science did not set out together, it was alter'd to *their bright course begun*. But this slip, as usual, escaped the Gentlemen of the Dunciad. W.

R E M A R K S.

VER. 69. *See round the Poles, &c.*] Almost the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in ignorance.

VER. 73. Our author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eastern nations.

VER. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their Phyfic of the Soul.

How little, mark ! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall :
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies 85
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise !
Lo ! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns ! 90
See Alaric's stern port ! the martial frame
Of Genferic ! and Attila's dread name !
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall ;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul !
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore 95
(The soils that arts and infant letters bore)
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep. 100

REMARKS.

VER. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Ægypt, caused his General to burn the Ptolemæan library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Phyfic of the Soul.

VER. 96. (*The soil that arts and infant letters bore*)] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where Letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

Lo ! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
 Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore ;
 Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
 Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn, 105
 And ev'n th' Antipodes Vigilius mourn.
 See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
 Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods :

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VER. 102. *thund'ring against heathen lore ;*] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him: *Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui in illo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit ecclesiam ; non modo Matthesin jussit ab aula, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio cedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo.* And in another place: *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem ; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, & major autoritas, et diligentia studiosior.* Desiderius Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reprov'd by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets ; because (says this Pope) *In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit Episcopis canere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera.* He is said, among the rest, to have burned Livy ; *Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur.* The same Pope is accused by Voissius, and others, of having caused the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,
 And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn; 110
 See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
 Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
 Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
 Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsy-wolsey brothers,
 Grave Mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
 That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
 No fiercer sons, had Easter never been. 118

In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;
 How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!

REMARKS.

VER. 109. *'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,*] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen Temples and Statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and some of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre easily became a Harp, and the Gorgan's head turned to that of Holofernes.

VER. 117, 118. *Happy! had Easter never been!*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

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VER. 117, 118. *Happy!—had Easter never been!*]

Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.

Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age 121

Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage.

And see, my son! the hour is on its way,

That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;

This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign, 125

Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.

Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!

What aids, what armies to assert her cause!

See all her progeny, illustrious fight!

Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130

As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye

In homage to the Mother of the sky,

Surveys around her, in the blest abode,

An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God:

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VER. 126. *Dove-like she gathers*] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

VER. 128. *What aids, what armies to assert her cause!*] i. e.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 127, 129. *Now look thro' Fate! — See all her Progeny, &c.*

Nunc age, Dardanium prolem quæ deinde sequatur

Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,

Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,

Expeditam. Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 131. *As Berecynthia, &c.*]

Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater

Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,

Læta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,

Omnes cælicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.

Virg. Æn. vi

Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd, 135
 Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round;
 And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
 Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
 And thrusts his person full into your face. 140
 With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!
 And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

REMARKS.

i. e. Of Poets, Antiquaries, Critics, Divines, Free thinkers. But as this Revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these classes, the Poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the care and review of this Colleague of Dulness, the Laureate. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, when the Goddess herself appears in full glory. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 139. *Mark first that Youth, &c.]*

Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,

Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca— Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 141. *With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!]*

A manner of expression used by Virgil, Ecl. viii.

Nascere! præque diem veniens æge, Lucifer—

As also that of *patriis virtutibus*, Ecl. iv.

It was very natural to shew to the Hero, before all others, his own Son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be cautioned against ascribing wholly to the Father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be understood with an eye to the Son.

A second fee, by meeker manners known,
 And modest as the Maid that sips alone;
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
 Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee. 146
 Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gill-house mourn,
 And answ'ring gin-shops sowerer sighs return.

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,
 Nor less revere him blunderbush of Law.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 149. in the first Edit. it was,
 Woolston, the scourge of scripture, mark with awe!
 And mighty Jacob, blunderbush of Law!

R E M A R K S.

VER. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,*] “This Gentleman is son of a considerable Malster of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the Law under a very eminent Attorney: Who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with Poetry. He is a great admirer of Poets and their works, which has occasion'd him to try his genius that way.—He has writ in prose the *Lives of the Poets, Essays*, and a great many Law-books, *The Accomplish'd Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c.*” GILES.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,*]

—*si qua fata aspera rumpas,*

Tu Marcellus eris!

Virg. *Æn.* vi.

VER. 147. *Thee shall each ale-house, &c.*]

Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitria te Fucinus unda,

Te liquidi flevire lacus.

Virg. *Æn.* vii.

Virgil again, *Ecl.* x.

—*etiam lauri, etiam flevire myricæ, &c.*

VER. 150. Virg. *Æn.* vi.—*duo fulmina belli*

Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!

Lo P--p--le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 151. *Lo P--p--le's brow, &c.*] In the former Ed.
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face:

REMARKS.

JACOB of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. 1. He very grossly, and unprovok'd, abused in that book the Author's Friend, Mr. Gay.

VER. 149, 150.

Jacob, *the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe ;*
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law.]

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved our author to have a *Respect* for him, by this undeniable argument. "He had once a *Regard* "for my *Judgment*; otherwise he would never have "subscribed *Two Guineas* to me, for one small Book in "octavo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I should think the appellation of *Blunderbuss* to Mr. Jacob, like that of *Thunderbolt* to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way. "My writings "having made great impression on the minds of all "sensible men, Mr. P. *repented*, and to give proof of his "Repentance, subscribed to my two volumes of select "Works, and afterwards to my two Volumes of Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'st beware, when thou givest thy money to such Authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are Good nature or Charity.

VER. 152. *Horneck and Roome*] These two were virulent

Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A Fiend in glee, ridiculously grim. 154

Each Cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass :

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 157. *Each Songster, Riddler, &c.*] In the former Edd.

Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameless name.
After v. 158. in the first Edit. followed,
How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear !
How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear !

R E M A R K S.

Party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in *Honour and Employment*. The first was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingsgate paper call'd The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleetstreet, and writ some of the papers call'd Pasquin, where by malicious Inuendoes he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under the prosecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram :

“ You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
“ Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks !
“ You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the case,
“ The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

P—le was the author of some vile Plays and Pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a Paper called the Prompter.

VER. 153. *Goode,*] An ill-natur'd Critic, who writ a satire on our Author, call'd *The mock Æsop*, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire,

Each Songster, Riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame.
 Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck; 162
 Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
 And makes Night hideous--Answer him, ye Owls!

REMARKS.

VER. 156. *Wlose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:*] There were several successions of these sort of minor poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. singing the praise of the *Annals* flourishing for that season; whose names indeed would be nameless, and therefore the Poet flurs them over with others in general.

VER. 165. *Ralph*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, intitled, *Night*, a Poem: This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that Author's *Account of English Poets*, printed in a London Journal Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even *French*. Being advised to read the

IMITATIONS.

VER. 166. *And makes Night hideous*]

——— *Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making Night hideous*———

Shakesp.

Sense, speech, and measure, liking tongues and dead,
Let all give way--and Morris may be read. 168

Flow, Welsted, flow ! like thine inspirer, Beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe ; tho' thin, yet never clear ; 170

REMARKS.

rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied. "*Shakespear* writ without rules." He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a small pittance for pay.

VER. 168. *Morris*,] *Besaleel*, See Book ii.

VER. 169. *Flow*, *Welsted*, &c.] Of this author see the Remark on Book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him :

Mr. *Welsted* had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a *kind of struggle* between the most eminent in the two universities, which should have the *honour* of his education. To compound this, he (*civilly*) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the *darling Expectation* of all the polite Writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that *will make no small part of the Fame* of his protectors. It also appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age—Encou-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 169. *Flow*, *Welsted*, *flow*, &c.] Parody on *Denham*, *Cooper's Hill*.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

My great example, as it is my theme :

Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull ;

Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing, full !

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull ;
 Heady, not strong ; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Ah Dennis ! Gildon ah ! what ill-starr'd rage
 Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age ?

REMARKS.

rag'd by such a *Comblination* in his favour, he—published a book of poems, some in the *Ovidian*, some in the *Horatian* manner, in both which the most exquisite Judges pronounce he even *rival'd his masters*—His Love verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt—In his Translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode—his Epistle—his Verses—his Love tale—all, are the *the most perfect things in all poetry*. WELSTED of *Himself*, *Char. of the Times*, 8vo. 1728. pag. 23, 24. It should not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the sum of 500 pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

VER. 173. *Ab Dennis ! Gildon ah !*] These men became the public scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (just as Aristotle and Longinus did of theirs) and discourse upon the beauties and defects of composition :

*How parts relate to parts, and they to whole ;
 The Body's harmony, the beaming soul.*

Whereas had they followed the Example of those *microscopes of wit*, Kuster, Wafs, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticism on the learned languages, their acuteness and industry might have raised them a name equal to the most famous of the Scholiasts. W.

VER. 173. *Ab Dennis, &c.*] The reader, who has seen thro' the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mention'd but twice, and so slightly touch'd, in this poem. But

Book III. THE DUNCIA D. 141

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, 175

But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.

Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!

Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.

Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind! 180

REMARKS.

in truth he look'd upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) *set his Name* to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. *Jacob's Lives*, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. *Durfey*, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoy'd the longest bodily life.

VER. 179. *Behold yon Pair, &c.*] One of these was Author of a weekly paper called *The Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another call'd *Pasquin*, in which Mr. *Pope* was abused with the Duke of *Buckingham*, and

IMITATIONS.

VER. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!*] Virg. *Æn.* vi.

——*Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires:
Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!——*

VER. 179. *Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;]* Virg. *Æn.* vi.

*Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ——*

And in the fifth,

*Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juvenæ,
Nisus amore pio pueri.*

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write ;

REMARKS.

Bishop of *Rocheſter*. They alſo joined in a piece againſt his firſt undertaking to tranſlate the *Iliad*, intitled *Homericides*, by Sir *Iliad Doggerel*, printed 1715.

Of the other works of theſe Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. *Pope*'s, had their united laudable endeavours diſcouraged him from purſuing his ſtudies. How few good works had ever appear'd (ſince men of true merit are always the leaſt preſuming) had there been always ſuch champions to ſtifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the publick, that a million of monſters ſhould come into the world, which are ſure to die as ſoon as born, than that the ſerpents ſhould ſtrangle one *Hercules* in his Cradle? C.

The union of theſe two authors gave occaſion to this Epigram,

- “ — and Ducket, friends in ſpite,
“ Came hisſing out in verſe ;
“ Both were ſo forward, each would write,
“ So dull, each hung an A—
“ Thus *Amphiſbœna* (I have read,)
“ At either end aſſails ;
“ None knows which leads or which is led,
“ For both Heads are but Tails.

After many Editions of this poem, the Author thought fit to omit the names of theſe two perſons, whoſe injury to him was of ſo old a date. In the verſes he omitted, it was ſaid that one of them had a *pious paſſion* for the other. It was a literal tranſlation of *Virgil*, *Niſus amore pio pueri*—and there, as in the original, applied to Friendſhip: That between *Niſus* and *Euryalus* is allowed to make one of the moſt amiable Episodes in the world, and ſurely was never interpreted in a perverſe ſenſe. But it will aſtoniſh the reader to hear, that, on no other

Like are their merits, like rewards they share
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

“ But who is he, in closet close y-pent, 185
“ Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?

REMARKS.

occasion than this line, a Dedication was written to that Gentleman to induce him to think something further.
“ Sir, you are known to have all that affection for the
“ beautiful part of the creation which God and Nature
“ design’d.—Sir, you have a very fine Lady—and,
“ Sir, you have eight very fine Children,”—&c. [*Dedic. to Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.* The truth is, the poor Dedicator’s brain was turn’d upon this article: He had taken into his head, that ever since some books were written against the *Stage*, and since the *Italian opera* had prevail’d, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be named: He went so far as to print upon the subject, and concludes his argument with this remark,
“ That he cannot help thinking the Obscenity of Plays
“ excusable at this juncture; since, when that execra-
“ ble sin is spread so wide, it may be of use to the re-
“ ducing mens minds to the natural desire of women.”
DENNIS, *Stage defended* against Mr. Law, p. 20. Our author solemnly declared, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together.

VER. 184. *That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.*] Such places were given at this time to such sort of Writers.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 185. *But who is he, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* vi. questions and answers in this manner, of Numa:

*Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olive,
Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaque menta, &c.*

Right well mine eyes arede the myfter wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

REMARKS.

VER. 187, *arede*] *Read*, or *peruse*, though sometimes used for *counsel*. “ READE THY READ, take thy Coun-
“ *saile*.” Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the first Psalm into English metre, hath *wisely* made use of this word,

*The man is blest that hath not bent
To wicked READ his ear.*

“ But in the last spurious editions of the singing Psalms
“ the word READ is changed into *men*. I say *spurious*
“ editions, because not only here, but quite throughout
“ the whole book of Psalms, are *strange alterations*, all
“ for the worse; and yet the Title-page stands as it
“ used to do! and all (which is *abominable* in any book,
“ much more in a sacred work) is ascribed to Thomas
“ Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others. I am con-
“ fident, were Sternhold and Hopkins now living they
“ would proceed against the innovators as cheats.—A
“ liberty, which, to say no more of their intolerable
“ alterations, ought by no means to be permitted or ap-
“ proved of by such as are for *Uniformity*, and have any
“ regard for the *old English Saxon tongue*.” HEARNE,
Gloss. on Rob. of Gloc. artic. REDE.

I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne: Little is it of avail to object that such words are become *unintelligible*; since they are *truly English*, men ought to understand them; and such as are for *Uniformity* should think all alterations in a language, *strange, abominable, and unwarrantable*. Rightly therefore, I say, again hath our Poet used ancient words, and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place.
SCRIBL.

Ibid. *myfter wyght*,] Uncouth mortal.

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,

REMARKS.

VER. 188. Wormius *hight*] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. *Thomas Hearne*, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Most rightly are *ancient Words* here employed in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may say not only rightly, but *wisely*, yea *excellently*, inasmuch as for the like practice the like praise is given by Mr. Hearne himself Glossar. to Rob. of Gloucester, Artic. BEHETT; "Others say BEHIGHT, *promised*, and so it is
" used *excellently well* by Thomas Norton, in his translation into Metre of the cxvith Psalm, v. 14.

*I to the Lord will pay my vows,
That I to him BEHIGHT,*

" Where the modern innovators, not understanding the
" propriety of the word (which is *truly English*, from the
" Saxon) have most *unwarrantably* alter'd it thus,

*I to the Lord will pay my vows,
With joy and great delight.*

VER. 188. *hight*.] " In Cumberland they say to *hight*,
" for to *promise*, or *vow*; but HIGHT, usually signifies
" *was called*; and so it does in the North even to this
" day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland."
Hearne, *ibid*.

VER. 192. *Wits, who like owls, &c.*] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: The darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous

A Lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read !

But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe, 196
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest fight ! his breeches rent below ;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo ! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands, 200

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. in the first Edit. it was,

And proud philosophy with breeches tore,

And English music with a dismal score.

Fast by in darkness palpable inshrind

W—s, B—r, M—n, all the the poring kind.

REMARKS.

Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, *he delighted in matters of difficulty*. Some body said well of these men, that their heads were *Libraries out of order*.

VER. 199. *lo ! Henley stands, &c.*] J. Henley the Orator ; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our Author that honour. WELSTED, in Oratory Transactions, No 1. published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him. “ He was born at Melton-Mowbray in Leicestershire. From his own Parish school he went to St. John’s College in Cambridge. “ He began there to be uneasy ; for it *shock’d* him to “ find he was *commanded to believe* against his own judgment in points of Religion, Philosophy, &c. for his “ genius leading him freely to *dispute all propositions*, and “ *call all points to account*, he was impatient under those “ fetters of the free-born mind——Being admitted to

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !
 How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung !

REMARKS.

“ Priest’s orders, he found the examination very short
 “ and superficial, and that it was not *necessary to conform*
 “ *to the Christian religion*, in order either to *Deaconship* or
 “ *Priesthood.*” He came to town, and after having for
 some years been a writer for Booksellers, he had an am-
 bition to be so for Ministers of state. The only reason he
 did not rise in the Church, we are told, “ was the envy
 “ of others, and a dislike entertained of him, because
 “ *he was not qualified to be a compleat Spaniel.*” However,
 he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of
 opinions and interests directly opposite ; by both of whom
 being rejected, he set up a new Project, and styled him-
 self the *Restorer of ancient eloquence*. He thought “ it
 “ as lawful to take a licence from the King and Parlia-
 “ ment at one place, as another ; at Hickes’s hall, as
 “ at Doctor’s Commons ; so set up his Oratory in New-
 “ port-market, Butcher-row. There (says his friend) he
 “ had the *assurance* to form a plan, which no mortal
 “ ever thought of ; he had success against all oppo-
 “ sition ; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations,
 “ and *none would dispute* with him : writ, read, and stu-
 “ died twelve hours a day ; composed three dissertations
 “ a week on all subjects ; undertook to teach in *one year*
 “ what schools and universities teach in *five* ; was not
 “ terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but still pro-
 “ ceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the *Church*,
 “ and *all that in danger.*” WELSTED, Narrative in Orat.
 Transact. N. 1.

After having stood some Prosecutions, he turned his
 rhetoric to buffoonry upon all publick and private oc-
 currences. All this passed in the same room ; where
 sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread
 which he called the *Primitive Eucharist*. — This wonder-
 ful person struck Medals, which he dispersed as Tickets

Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
 Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage, 205
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
 Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wise abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
 But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise, 211
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend:
 (So may the fates preserve the years you lend)

REMARKS.

to his subscribers: The device, a Star rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SVMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor.

VER. 204. *Sherlock, Hare, Gibson,*] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations. W.

VER. 212. Of *Toland* and *Tindal*, see Book ii. *Tho. Woolston* was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1726, &c.

VER. 213. *Yet oh, my sons! &c.*] The caution against Blasphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears of others, but their own. And so we see that when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the Goddess in the fourth book, she encourages her sons, and they beg

'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 215
 A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
 But oh! with One, immortal One dispense,
 The source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense.
 Content, each Emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires, 220
 Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.

REMARKS.

her assistance to pollute the Source of Light itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it. W.

VER. 215. *'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
 A NEWTON's genius, or a Milton's flame.*]

Thankfully received, and freely used, is this gracious licence by the beloved disciple of that Prince of Cabalistic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinson. Hear with what honest plainness he treateth our great Geometer.
 “ As to mathematical demonstration (saith he) founded
 “ upon the Proportions of lines and circles to each other,
 “ and the ringing of changes upon figures, these have
 “ no more to do with the greatest part of philosophy,
 “ than they have with the Man in the Moon. Indeed,
 “ the Zeal for this sort of Gibberish [*mathematical*
 “ *Principles*] is greatly abated of late, and tho' it is
 “ now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon of
 “ modern Philosophers, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, has lain
 “ with his face upon the ground before the Ark of
 “ God, *Scripture philosophy*; for so long MOSES'S PRIN-
 “ CIPIA have been published; and the *Treatise of*
 “ *Power essential and mechanical*, in which Sir Isaac
 “ Newton's Philosophy is treated with the UTMOST
 “ CONTEMPT, has been published a dozen years; yet
 “ is there not one of the whole society who hath had
 “ the COURAGE to attempt to raise him up. And so

Persist, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
But, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God."

Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole 225
Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
See now, what Dulness and her sons admire.
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside, 231
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd)

REMARKS.

"let him lye,"—*The philosophical principles of Moses asserted, &c. p. 2. by JULIUS BATE, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington. Lond. 1744. octavo,* SCRIBL.

VER. 224. *But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God."*] The hardest lesson a *Dunce* can learn. For being bred to *scorn* what he does not understand, that which he understands least he will be apt to *scorn* most. Of which, to the disgrace of all Government, and (in the Poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS herself, we have had a late example in a book intitled, *Philosophical Essays concerning human Understanding.* W.

VER. 224. *not to scorn your God."*] See this subject pursued in Book iv.

VER. 232. (*Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd*)] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his *Life*, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d.—And" (says Mr. Cibber) I make it a question, whether Alex-

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VER. 224.—*Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*] *Discite justitiam moniti, & non temnere divos.* Virg.

And look'd, and saw a sable Sorc'rer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies :
 All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare, 235
 And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.
 Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth :
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
 'Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own :
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns.
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies ;

REMARKS.

“ ander himself, or Charles the twelfth of Sweden,
 “ when at the head of their first victorious armies, could
 “ feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in
 “ mine.”

VER. 233. *a sable Sorc'rer*] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both Playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

VER. 237. *Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth :*] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 244. *And other planets*]

—*solemque suum, sua sidera norunt*—Virg. *Æn.* vi.

VER. 246. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies ;*]

Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum. Hor.

And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast Egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders
wrought? 250

Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find
Each Monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
Whose farsenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless Youth! his nod these worlds controuls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.

REMARKS.

VER. 248. *Lo! one vast Egg*] In another of these Farces Harlequin is hatch'd upon the stage, out of a large Egg.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 251. *Son; what thou seek'st is in thee!*]

Quod petis in te est —

— Ne te quæsieris extra.

Perf.

VER. 256. *Wings the red light'ning, &c.*] Like Salmonius in *Æn.* vi.

Dum flammæ Jovis, & sonitus imitatur Olympi.

— nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen,

Ære & cornipedum cursu simularat equorum.

VER. 258.—*o'er all unclassic ground:*] Alludes to Mr. Addison's verse, in the praises of Italy:

Poetic fields encompass me around,

And still I seem to tread on classic ground.

Immortal Rich ! how calm he sits at ease 261

'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;

And proud his Mistress' orders to perform,

Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But lo ! to dark encounter in mid air 26

New wizards rise ; I see my Cibber there !

REMARKS.

VER. 261. *Immortal Rich !*] Mr. John Rich, Master of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way.

VER. 266. *I see my Cibber there !*] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words (Life, chap. xv.) “ Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose upon one another alternately at both houses, out-vying each other in expence.” He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows: “ If I am asked why I assented? I have no better excuse for my error than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his Religion? I was still in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of Truth and Sense; but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could not support me.—But let the question go which way it will, Harry IVth has *always been allowed a great man.*” This must be confessed a full answer, only the question still seems to be, 1. How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it? and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a Certificate that he ever was in it.

IMITATIONS.

As ver. 264. is a parody on a noble one of the same author in *The Campaign*; and ver. 259, 260. on two sublime verses of Dr. Y.

Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
 Contending Theatres our empire raise, 271
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 274. in the former Edd. followed,
 For works like these let deathless Journals tell
 "None but thyself can be thy parallel.

Var. *None but thyself can be thy parallel*] A marvellous line of *Theobald*; unless the Play call'd the *Double Falshood* be (as he would have it believed) *Shakespear's*: But whether this line be his or not, he proves *Shakespear* to have written as bad, (which, methinks in an author, for whom he has a Veneration almost *rising to idolatry*, might have been concealed) as for example,

Try what *Repentance* can; what can it not?
 But what can it, when one cannot *repent*?

—For *Cogitation*

Resides not in the man who does not *think*, &c.

MIST'S JOURN.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate *Shakespear*.

Var. id. The former Annotator seeming to be of opinion that the *Double Falshood* is not *Shakespear's*; it is but justice to give Mr. *Theobald's* Arguments to the contrary: First, that the MS. was above sixty years old: Secondly, that once Mr. *Betterton* had it, or he hath heard so: Thirdly, that some-body told him the author gave it to a bastard daughter of his: but Fourthly, and above all, "That he has a *great mind* every thing that

These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
Foreseen by me, but ah ! with-held from mine.

VARIATIONS.

“ is good in our tongue *should be* Shakespear's.” I allow these reasons to be truly critical ; but what I am infinitely concerned at is, that so many Errors have escaped the learned Editor : a few whereof we shall here amend, out of a much greater number, as an instance of our regard to this *dear relick*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein by *Julio*, good *Camillo's* son,
(Who as he says, [] shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hour [] expect)
He doth sollicit the return of gold,
To purchase certain horse that *like him well*.

This place is corrupted : the epithet *good* is a meer insignificant expletive, but the alteration of that single word restores a clear light to the whole context thus,

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein, by *July*, (by *Camillo's* son,
Who, as he *saith*, shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hours expect)
He doth sollicit the return of gold.

Here you have not only the *Person* specified, by whose hands the return was to be made, but the most necessary part, the *Time* by which it was required. *Camillo's* son was to follow hard upon—What? Why upon *July*—*Horse* that *like him well*, is very absurd : Read it, without contradiction,

——Horse, that *he likes well*.

ACT I. at the End.

——I must stoop to gain her,
Throw all my gay *Comparisons* aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service ;

In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;

VARIATIONS.

saith *Henriquez* of a maiden of low condition, objecting
his high quality: What have his *Comparisons* here to do?
Correct it boldly,

Throw all my gay *Caparisons* aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service.

ACT II. SCENE I.

All the verse of this Scene is confounded with prose;

——O that a man
Could reason down this *Fever* of the blood,
Or sooth with *words* the tumult in his heart!
Then *Julio*, I might be *indeed* thy friend.

Read — this *fervor* of the blood,
Then, *Julio*, I might be in *deed* thy friend.
marking the just opposition of deeds and words.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

How his eyes *shake* fire!—said by *Violante*, observing
how the lustful shepherd looks at her. It must be, as
the sense plainly demands,

—— How his eyes *take* fire!
And measure every piece of youth about me!
Ibid. That, tho' I *wore disguises* for some ends.
She had but one disguise, and wore it but for one end.
Restore it, with the alteration but of two letters,
That, tho' I *were disguised* for some end.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

—To oaths no more give credit,
To tears, to vows; false *both*!
False Grammar I'm sure. *Both* can relate but to *two*
things: and see! how easy a change sets it right!

To tears, to vows, false *troth*—

Tho' my own Aldermen confer'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise, 280
 Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars :
 Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
 For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes ;

VARIATIONS.

I could shew you that very word *Troth*, in *Shakespear*, a hundred times.

Ibid. For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
 That can bring *comfort*, but a *quiet grave*.

This I fear is of a piece with *None but itself can be its parallel*: for the grave *puts an end* to all sorrow, it can then need no *comfort*. Yet let us vindicate *Shakespear* where we can : I make no doubt he wrote thus,

For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
 Nothing that can bring *quiet*, but the grave.

Which reduplication of the word gives a much stronger emphasis to *Violante's* concern. This figure is call'd *Anadyplosis*. I could shew you a hundred just such in him, if I had nothing else to do. SCRIBL.

After v. 284. in the former Edd. followed,

Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
 The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.

REMARKS.

VER. 266, 267. *Booth* and *Cibber* were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

VER. 268. *On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.*] In his Letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to be *literally true*. We hope therefore the reader will understand it *allegorically* only.

VER. 282. *Annual trophies*, on the Lord-mayor's day ; and *monthly wars* in the Artillery-ground.

VER. 283. *Tho' long my Party*] Settle, like most Party-

Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on! 285

Reduc'd at last to his in my own dragon.

Avert it Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er

Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!

Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,

The needy Poet sticks to all he meets, 290

Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,

And carry'd off in some Dog's tail at last.

Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,

Thy giddy dullness still shall lumber on,

Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray, 295

But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 295. *Safe in its heaviness, &c.*] in the former Edd.

Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray ;

And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.

Thy Dragons, Magistrates, and Peers shall taste,

And from each shew rise duller than the last.

Till rais'd from Booths, &c.

REMARKS.

writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the *Character* of a *popish successor*, but afterwards printed his *Narrative* on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680. then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.

Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,
 And ev'ry year be duller than the last.
 'Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport. 300
 Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway:
 Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy dotting age.
 Teach thou the warb'ling Polypheme to roar, 305
 And scream thyself, as none e'er scream'd before!

REMARKS.

VER. 297. *Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,*] It stood in the first edition with blanks, ** and **. Concanen was sure, "they must needs mean no body" but *King GEORGE* and *Queen CAROLINE*; and said "he would insist it was so, till the poet cleared himself" by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the "context, and consistent with his *Allegiance*." Pref. to a Collection of verses, essays, letters, &c. against Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

VER. 305. *Polypheme*] He translated the Italian Opera of *Polifemo*; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is *Noman*: After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cyclops to his aid: They enquire *who has hurt him?* he answers *Noman*; whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious Translator made Ulysses answer, *I take no name*, whereby all that follow'd became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English Translation of Homer's *Iliad*) had not that merit with respect to the *Odyssey*, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek *Pun-nology*.

To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou can'st not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move ; for Faustus is our friend :
 Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine. 310
 Grubstreet ! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire.
 Another Æschylus appears ! prepare
 For new abortions all ye pregnant fair !
 In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed, 315
 While op'ning Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now Bavius take the poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here ! here all ye Heroes bow !

This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes :
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320

VER. 308, 309, *Faustus, Pluto, &c.*] Names of miserable Farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best Tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

VER. 312. *ensure it but from Fire.*] In Tibbald's Farce of Proserpine, a corn field was set on fire : whereupon the other play-house had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rival'd each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.

VER. 313. *Another Æschylus appears !*] It is reported of

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VER. 319, 320. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes,
 Th' Augustus, &c.*

*Hic vir, hic est ! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
 Augustus Cæsar, divum genus ; aurea condet
 Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
 Saturno quondam——*

Virg. Æn. vi.

Saturnian here relates to the age of Lead, mentioned book I. ver. 26.

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year !
 See ! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
 See, see, our own true Phœbus wears thy bays !
 Our Midas fits Lord Chancellor of Plays !
 On Poets Tombs see Benson's titles writ ! 325
 Lo ! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for Wit !

VARIATIONS.

VER. 323, *See, see, our own, &c.*] in the former Edd.

Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
 Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
 Benson sole Judge of Architecture sit,
 And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for Wit !
 I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,
 I see the Savoy totter to her fall ;
 Hibernian Politics, O Swift ! thy doom,
 And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome.
 Proceed great days, &c.

REMARKS.

Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big bellied women miscarried.

VER. 315. *like Semele's*] See Ovid. Met. iii.

VER. 325. *Our Poet's Tombs see Benson's titles writ !*
 W—m Benson (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their House and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a mis-representation ; but the earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance

See under Ripley rise a new White-hall,
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall :
 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends, 330

REMARKS.

that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been Architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the Churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

VER. 326. *Ambrose Philips*] "He was (saith Mr. JACOB,) one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace;" But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of poetry, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery; but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavour'd to create some misunderstanding between our Author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an *Enemy to the government*; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper call'd the *Examiner*: A falshood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

VER. 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:*] At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting-house of White-hall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been just then

Hibernian Politics, O swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

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VER. 331. in the former Editions thus,

—O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following Note, “ He concludes his
“ irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever ima-
“ gines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is
“ surely mistaken. The opinion our Author had of him
“ was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in the under-
“ taking of the *Odyſſey*; in which Mr. Broome having
“ engaged without any previous agreement, discharged
“ his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he
“ gratified him with the full sum of *Five hundred pounds*,
“ and a present of all those books for which his own in-
“ terest could procure him subscribers, to the value of
“ *One hundred more*. The author only seems to lament,
“ that he was employed in Translation at all.

REMARKS.

restor'd and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of Architecture in this Kingdom.

VER. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd, &c.*] See Mr. Gay's fable of the *Hare and many Friends*. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the *Shepherd's Week*, *Trivia*, the *What-d'ye call-it*, *Fables*; and lastly, the celebrated *Beggar's Opera*; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: That verse of Horace

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,

Proceed, great days! 'till Learning fly the shore,
'Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,

REMARKS.

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was play'd in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty four days together: It was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her, published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the Year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

VER. 331. *Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;]*
See Book i. ver. 26.

VER. 332. *And Pope's ten years to comment and translate.]*
The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began

'Till Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play, 335

'Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,

'Till Isis' Elders reel, their pupils sport,

And Alma mater lie dissolv'd in Port?

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 338. in the first Edit. were the following lines,

Then when these signs declare the mighty year,

When the dull stars roll round and re appear;

Let there be darkness! (the dread Pow'r shall say)

All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were day;

To their first Chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,

And universal darkness cover all.

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the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespear (which he undertook merely because no body else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the Scenery, &c. and the Translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725.

VER. 333. *Proceed, great days, &c.*] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a Revolution in Learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such *weak Instruments* as have been [hitherto] described in our poem: But do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single *Water-Rat*.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the Diligence of our Schools, from the Regularity of our Universities, the Discernment of our Great men, the Accomplishments of our Nobility, the Encouragement of our Patrons, and the Genius of our Writers in all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the Iv'ry Gate the Vision flies. 340

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may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where causing all this vision to pass through the Ivory Gate, he expressly, in the language of Poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Proceed great days! &c. 'Till Birch shall blush, &c.*] Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand. *The Devil* (saith he) *licensed Bishops to licence Masters of Schools to instruct youth in the knowledge of the heathen Gods, their religion, &c. The Schools and Universities will soon be tired and ashamed of Classics, and such trumpery.* HUTCHINSON'S *Use of Reason recovered.*

SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 340. *And thro' the Iv'ry Gate, &c.*]

*Sunt geminae Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia manes.*

Virg. Æn. vi.

The End of the THIRD BOOK.

T H E
D U N C I A D.

B O O K the F O U R T H.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet being, in this Book, to declare the Completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silenceth the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her, and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half-wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd around her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the Genius's of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her Cause by confining Youth to

Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer; with her Charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observ'd in the progress of Education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young Gentlemen return'd from Travel with their Tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their Travels: presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and indues him with the happy quality of Want of Shame. She sees loitering about her a number of Indolent Persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: To these approaches the Antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them Virtuofos, and assign them over to him: But Mummius, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantastically adorn'd, offering her strange and exotic presents: Amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest Curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before mentioned, in the study of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-nests, Moss, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond Trifles, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty Address from the Minute Philosophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The Youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus: and then admitted to taste the Cup of the Magus her High

Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her Adepts she sends Priests, Attendants, and Comforters, of various kinds; confers on them Orders and Degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his Privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a Yawn of extraordinary virtue: The Progress and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Consummation of all, in the Restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

B O O K IV.

YET, a moment, one dim Ray of Light
 Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
 Of darkness visible, so much be lent,
 As half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.
 Ye Pow'rs! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing, 5
 To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,

R E M A R K S.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This Book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far, contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this Work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomyomachia* of *Homer*, as *Barnes* hath affirmed. BENT. P. W.

VER. 1. &c. This is an Invocation of much piety. The Poet willing to approve himself a genuine Son, beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulness*) his high respect for *Antiquity* and a *great Family*, how dead or dark soever: Next declareth his passion for explaining Mysteries; and lastly his Impatience to be reunited to her. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 2. *dread Chaos, and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the Restoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem. P. W.

VER. 4. *half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull Poet can never express himself otherwise than by *halves*, or imperfectly.

SCRIBL. P. W.



Then blessing all, go Children of my Care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.
All my Commands are easy, short and full
My Sons be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

Dunciad, Book IV.

Suspend a while your Force inertly strong,

Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,

Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay; 10

REMARKS.

I understand it very differently; the Author in this work had indeed a *deep intent*; there were in it, *Mysteries* or ἀποκρύφια, which he durst not fully reveal; and doubtless in divers verses (according to *Milton*)

—— more is meant than meets the ear. BENT. P. W.

VER. 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,*] Fair and softly, good Poet! (cries the gentle *Scriblerus* on this place.) For sure in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast toward oblivion, as divers others of more confidence have done; For when I revolve in my mind the catalogue of those who have most boldly promised to themselves Immortality, viz. *Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronsard, Oldham, Lyrics; Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore, Heroics*; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his Commentator, to suffer our Poet thus prodigally to cast away his life; contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse his work is, and the more remote its beauties from common Understanding, the more it is our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of men and angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable spirit of those, who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on *dark and uncouth* Authors, and even on their *darker* Fragments; have preferred *Ennius* to *Virgil*, and chosen to turn the dark Lanthorn of *LYCOPHRON*, rather than to trim the everlasting Lamp of *Homer*.

SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 7. *Force inertly strong,*] Alluding to the *Vis inertiae of Matter*, which, tho' it really be no Power, is yet the foundation of all the qualities and attributes of that sluggish Substance.

P. W.

Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
 The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour:
 Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
 To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
 Of dull and venal a new world to mold, 15
 And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

REMARKS.

VER. 11, 12. *Sick was the Sun,—The moon struck Prophet*] The Poet introduceth this (as all great events are supposed by sage Historians to be preceded) by an *Eclipse of the Sun*; but with a peculiar propriety, as the Sun is the emblem of that intellectual light which dies before the face of Dulness. Very apposite likewise is it to make this *Eclipse*, which is occasioned by the *Moon's predominancy*, at the very time when *Dulness* and *Madness* are in *Conjunction*; whose relation and influence on each other the Poet hath shewn in many places, Book i. v. 29. Book iii. v. 5. & seq. W.

VER. 14. *To blot out Order, and extinguish Light*] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of *Chaos*, the other as daughter of *Night*: *Order* here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in Society, and true and false in Individuals: *Light*, as intellectual only; Wit, Science, Arts. P. W.

VER. 15. *Of dull and venal*] The Allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or Science; *venal* to the destruction of Order, or the truth of things. P. W.

Ibid. a new World] In reference to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural World into Night and Chaos, a new one should arise; this the Poet alluding to in the production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles. P. W.

VER. 16. *Lead and Gold*] i. e. dull and venal. P. W.

She mounts the Throne : her head a Cloud conceal'd,
 In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,
 ('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
 Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines.

20

REMARKS.

VER. 18. *all below reveal'd,*] It was the opinion of the Ancients, that the Divinities manifested themselves to men by their *back parts*. Virg. *Æn. i. et avertens, reserua cervice refulsit*. But this passage may admit of another exposition.—Vet. Adag. *The higher you climb, the more you shew your A——*. Verified in no instance more than in Dulness aspiring. Emblemized also by an Ape climbing and exposing his posteriors. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 20. *her Laureat son reclines*] With great judgment is it imagined by the Poet, that such a Colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep upon the Throne, and have very little share in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing; having past through the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound sleep. Nor ought this, well consider'd, to seem strange in our days, when so many *King-consorts* have done the like.

SCRIBL. P. W.

This verse our excellent Laureat took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, “if he was not as *seldom asleep as any fool?*” But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243. of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he says “*the reader will be as much pleas'd to find me a Dunce in my Old Age, as he was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my Youth.*” Wherever there was any room for briskness, or alacrity of any sort, *even in sinking*; he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his Histo-

Beneath her foot-stool, *Science* groans in Chains,
And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains.

There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound,
There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground;
His blunted Arms by *Sophistry* are born, 25
And shameless *Billingsgate* her Robes adorn.

REMARKS.

rian to be silent. It is from their *actions* only that Princes have their character, and Poets from their *works*: And if in *those* he be *as much asleep as any fool*, the Poet must leave him and them to *sleep to all eternity*. BENT. P.

Ibid. *her Laureat*] “When I find my Name in the
“satyrical works of this Poet, I never look upon it as any
“malice meant to me, but PROFIT to himself. For he
“considers that *my Face* is more *known* than most in the
“nation; and therefore *a Lick at the Laureat* will be a
“sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers.”
Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable argument, that this fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's last hand, and was by him intended for the press: Or else to what purpose hath he crown'd it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable *Lick at the Laureat*! BENT. P.

VER. 21, 22. *Beneath her foot-stool, &c.*] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in captivity, *Science* is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away: *Dulness* being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something *like* each Science, as Casuistry, Sophistry, &c. but nothing like *Wit*, *Opera* alone supplying its place. P. W.

Morality, by her false Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Casistry* in Lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord, 29
 And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word.
 Mad *Máthesis* alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
 Now to pure Space lifts her extatic stare,
 Now running round the Circle, finds it square.

REMARKS.

VER. 27. *by her false Guardians drawn,*] *Morality* is the Daughter of *Astræa*. This alludes to the Mythology of the ancient Poets; who tell us that in the *golden* and *silver* ages, or in the *State of Nature*, the Gods cohabited with men here on earth; but when by reason of man's degeneracy society was forced to have recourse to a *Magistrate*, and that the Ages of *Brass* and *Iron* came on (that is, when Laws were written on brazen tablets enforced by the sword of Justice) the Celestials soon retired from earth; and *Astræa* last of all; and then it was she left this her Orphan daughter in the hands of the *Guardians* aforesaid. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 30. *gives her Page the word.*] There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came in his way; of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage. — Tho' the candid *Scriblerus* imagined *Page* here to mean no more than a *Page* or *Mute*, and to allude to the custom of strangling State Criminals in *Turkey* by *Mutes* or *Pages*. A practice more decent than that of our *Page*, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 31. *Mad Máthesis*] Alluding to the strange Conclusions some Mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the *real Quantity of Matter*, the *Reality of Space*, &c. P. W.

VER. 31. *Mad Máthesis alone was unconfin'd,*] Not only

But held in ten-fold bonds the *Muses* lie, 35
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye :
 There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
 The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast ;
 But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age. 40
 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her Sister Satire held her head :

REMARKS.

at liberty, but got to the head of an Academy, and turn-
 ed Metaphysician. See *L'Essai sur la Formation des Corps*
organisés.

VER. 33. *pure Space*] i. e. pure and defæcated from
 Matter.—*extatic Stare*, the action of men who look about
 with full assurance of seeing what does not exist; such
 as those who expect to find *Space* a real being. W.

VER. 34. *running round the Circle, finds it square.*] Re-
 gards the wild and fruitless attempts of *squaring the*
Circle. P. W.

VER. 36. *Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye.*] One of the misfortunes falling on Authors, from the *Act* for subjecting *Plays* to the power of a *Licensor*, being the false representations to which they were expos'd, from such as either gratify'd their envy to merit, or made their court to Greatness, by perverting general reflections against vice into libels on particular Persons. P. W.

VER. 39. *But sober History*] History attends on Tra-
 gedy, Satire on Comedy, as their substitutes in the dis-
 charge of their several functions; the one in high life,
 recording the crimes and punishments of the Great; the
 other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the com-
 mon people. But it may be asked, How came *History*
 and *Satire* to be admitted with impunity to minister com-
 fort to the *Muses*, even in the presence of the Goddesses,
 and in the midst of all her triumphs? A question, saith
Scriblerus, which we thus resolve: *History* was brought

Nor could'st thou, CHESTERFIELD ! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

When lo ! a Harlot form soft sliding by, 45
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye :

REMARKS.

up in her infancy by Dulness herself ; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot (as is usual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dulness. At length, in course of time, they met together in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this, they had a second quarrel ; but it held not long ; and are now again on reasonable terms ; and so are like to continue. This accounts for the connivance shewn to History on this occasion. But the boldness of SATIRE springs from another cause : The reader ought to know, that she alone, of all the Sisters, is unconquerable, never to be silenced, when truly inspired : and animated (as should seem) from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath. W.

VER. 43. *Nor could'st thou, &c.*] This Noble Person in the year 1737. when the Act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. Cibber) “ with a lively spirit, and uncommon “ eloquence.” This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them : but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble Author and myself, concerning the *True Reading* of certain passages. BENT. P. W.

VER. 45. *When lo ! a Harlot form*] The Attitude given to this Phantom represents the nature and genius of the

Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside:
 By fingering Peers up-held on either hand,
 She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look, 51
 Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke.

O *Cara! Cara!* silence all that train:
 Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
 Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:

REMARKS.

Italian Opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these Operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the Nobility. This circumstance that OPERA should prepare for the opening of the grand Sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. ver. 304.

“ Already Opera prepares the way,

“ The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway. P. W.

VER. 54. *let Division reign:*] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in Music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the Passions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a great number of hands, and more variety of Instruments into the Orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller Chorus; which prov'd so much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Music into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced, for want of Composers, to practise the patch-work above-mentioned. P. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*] *Joy to great Cæsar*—The beginning of a famous old Song.

One Trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*. 60
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
 If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense :
 Strong in new Arms, lo ! Giant HANDEL stands,
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands ; 66
 To stir, to rouse, to shake the Soul he comes,
 And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
 Arrest him, Empress ; or you sleep no more—
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.

REMARKS.

VER. 55. *Chromatic tortures*] That species of the ancient music called the *Chromatic* was a variation and embellishment, in odd irregularities, of the *Diatonic* kind. They say it was invented about the time of *Alexander*, and that the *Spartans* forbade the use of it, as languid and effeminate. W.

VER. 58. *Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage* ;] i. e. Dissipate the *devotion* of the one by light and wanton airs ; and subdue the *pathos* of the other by recitative and sing-song. W.

VER. 61. *Thy own Phœbus reigns,*]

Tuus jam regnat Apollo.

Virg.

Not the ancient *Phœbus*, the God of Harmony, but a modern *Phœbus* of French extraction, married to the Princess *Galimathia*, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera. Of whom see *Bouhours* and other Critics of that nation. SCRIBL. P. W.

And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet blown,
 And all the nations summon'd to the Throne. 72
 The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One instinct seizes, and transports away.

REMARKS.

VER. 71. *Fame's posterior Trumpet*] *Posterior*, viz. her *second or more certain Report*: unless we imagine this word *posterior* to relate to the position of one of her Trumpets, according to *Hudibras*:

“ She blows not both with the same Wind,
 “ But one before and one behind;
 “ And therefore modern Authors name
 “ One good, and t'other evil Fame. P. W.

VER. 73. *The young, the old, who feel her inward sway, &c.*] In this new world of Dulness, each of these three classes hath its appointed station, as best suits its nature, and concurs to the harmony of the System. The *first*, drawn only by the strong and *simple impulse of Attraction*, are represented as falling directly down into her; as conglobed into her substance, and resting on her centre,

“ ——— all their centre found,
 “ Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.

The *second*, tho' within the sphere of her *attraction*, yet having at the same time a *projectile motion*, are carried, by the composition of these two, in *planetary revolutions* round her centre, some nearer to it, some further off:

“ Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 “ Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.

The *third* are properly *excentrical*, and no constant members of her state or system: sometimes at an immense distance from her influence, and sometimes again almost on the surface of her *broad effulgence*. Their use in their perihelion, or nearest approach to Dulness, is the same in the moral World, as that of *Comets* in the natural, namely to refresh and recreate the dryness and

None need a guide, by sure Attraction led, 75

And strong impulsive gravity of Head:

None want a place, for all their Centre found,

Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.

Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen

The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen. 80

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng.

Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,

Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.

Not those alone who passive own her laws, 85

But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.

REMARKS.

decays of the system; in the manner marked out from
ver. 91 to 98. W.

VER. 75. *None need a guide,—None want a place,*] The sons of Dulness want no instructors in study, nor guides in life: They are their own masters in all Sciences, and their own Heralds and introducers into all places. P. W.

VER. 76 to 101. It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are represented in the simile of the Bees about their Queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, tho' not caring to own her influence; from v. 81 to 90. The third of such as, tho' not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scriblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste in arts they understand not; from ver. 91 to 101. P. W.

VER. 86. *weak Rebels more advance her cause*] Those, who affect to oppose her Government, by setting up for

Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town

Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;

Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits. 90

Nor absent they, no members of her state,

Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great;

Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;

Or impious, preach his Word without a call,

REMARKS.

patrons of Letters, without knowing how to judge of merit. The consequence of which is, that, as all *true* merit is modest and reserved; and the *false*, forward and presuming; and the Judge easily imposed upon; fools get the rewards due to Genius. For as the Poet said of one of these Patrons,

“ Dryden alone, (what wonder?) *came not nigh,*

“ Dryden alone *escap'd this judging eye.*

And thus, as he rightly observes, these *weak Rebels* unwittingly advance the cause of her they would be thought most to oppose. For while no rewards are given to letters, Genius will support itself on the footing of its own reputation. But an undue distribution of the rewards of Learning will entirely depress all true genius; which now not only finds itself robbed of the honours it might claim from others, but defeated of that very reputation it would otherwise have won for itself. For, as the course of things is ordered, when reputations come into rivalry, that which follows favour and high station carries it away from that which rises on the simple endowments of wit and learning. Hence we conclude, that unless the province of encouraging Letters be wisely and faithfully administered, it were better for them that there were no encouragement at all. W.

Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
 With-hold the pension, and set up the head; 96
 Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred Gown;
 Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
 And (last and worse) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrit. 100

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
 Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
 Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's pow'r,
 Look'd a white lilly funk beneath a show'r.
 There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
 His stretch'd-out arm display'd a Volume fair;
 Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
 Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side :

REMARKS.

VER. 93. *false to Phœbus*] Spoken of the ancient and true *Phœbus*; not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no chosen Priests or Poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 99. 100.

*And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrit.]*

In this division are reckoned up 1. the Idolizers of Dulness in the Great—2. Ill Judges,—3. Ill Writers,—4. Ill Patrons. But the *last and worst*, as he justly calls him, is the *Muse's Hypocrite*, who is, as it were, the Epitome of them all. He who thinks the only end of poetry is to amuse, and the only business of the poet to be witty; and consequently who cultivates only such trifling talents in himself, and encourages only such in others. W.

VER. 108.—*bow'd from side to side:*] As being of no one party. W.

But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by :

On two unequal crutches propt he came, III

Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.

The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,

Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.

But (happy for him as the times went then) 115

Appear'd Apollo's May'r and Aldermen,

On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,

To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling--" Thus revive the Wits!

But murder first, and mince them all to bits ; 120

VARIATIONS.

VER. 114.

" What ! no respect, he cry'd, for SHAKESPEAR'S
page ?"

REMARKS.

VER. 110. *bold Benson*] This man endeavoured to
raise himself to Fame by erecting monuments, striking
coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of
Milton ; and afterwards by as great passion for *Arthur*
Johnston, a Scotch physician's version of the Psalms, of
which he printed many fine Editions. See more of him,
Book iii. v. 325. P. W.

VER. 113. *the decent Knight*] An eminent person, who
was about to publish a very pompous Edition of a great
Author *at his own expence*. P. W.

VER. 119. " *Thus revive, &c.*] The Goddess applauds
the practice of tacking the obscure names of Persons not
eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most
distinguished Writers ; either by printing Editions of
their works with impertinent alterations of their Text,

As erst Medea (cruel, so to save !)
 A new Edition of old Æson gave ;
 Let standard-Authors, thus, like trophies born,
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
 And you, my Critics ! in the chequer'd shade, 125
 Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own ;
 But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick. 130

REMARKS.

as in the former instances ; or by setting up *Monuments* disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter. P. W.

VER. 122. *old Æson*] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored authors)

Æson miratur,

Diffimilemque animum subiit— P. W.

VER. 128. *A Page, a Grave,*] For what less than a Grave can be granted to a dead author ? or what less than a Page can be allow'd a living one ? P. W.

VER. 128. *A Page,*] *Pagina*, not *Pedissequus*. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant ; no Poet having had a *Page* since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey. SCRIBL. P. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 126. *Admire new light, &c.*]

*The Soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made.*

Waller.

So by each Bard an Alderman shall sit,
 A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,
 And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
 Some Slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.

REMARKS.

VER. 131. *So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.*] Vide the *Tombs of the Poets*, Editio Westmonasteriensis. P. W.

Ibid.—*an Alderman shall sit,*] Alluding to the monument erected for Butler, the Author of *Hudibras*, by Alderman Barber.

VER. 132. *A heavy LORD shall hang at ev'ry Wit*] For LORD, I read LOAD; that is, of Debts here, and of Commentaries hereafter. For the Author is speaking of Alderman Barber and poor Butler, the Author of *Hudibras*, whose *body*, long since weighed down to the grave by a load of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of Commentaries laid upon his *Spirit*; wherein the Editor has atchieved more than Virgil himself, when he turned Critic, could boast of, which was only, *that he had picked gold out of another man's dung*; whereas the Editor has picked it out of his own. SCRIBL.

Aristarchus thinks the common reading right: and that the author himself had been struggling with, and but just shaken off his *Load*, when he wrote the following Epigram.

“ My LORD complains, that Pope, stark mad with
 “ gardens,
 “ Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
 “ But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
 “ And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.
 “ What on Compulsion? and against my Will,
 “ A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his Bill.

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
 Each eager to present the first Address. 136
 Duncce scorning Duncce beholds the next advance,
 But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.
 When lo ! a Spectre rose, whose index-hand
 Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand ; 140
 His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
 Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.
 O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs ;
 Eton and Winton shake thro' all their Sons.

REMARKS.

VER. 137, 138.

*Duncce scorning Duncce beholds the next advance,
 But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.]*

This is not to be ascribed so much to the different manners of a Court and College, as to the different effects which a pretence to learning, and a pretence to wit have on Blockheads. For as judgment consists in finding out the *differences* in things, and wit in finding out their *likenesses*, therefore the Duncce is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied in *reproving, examining, confuting, &c.* while the Fop flourishes in peace, with Songs and Hymns of Praise, *Addresses, Characters, Epithalamiums, &c.* W.

VER. 140. *the dreadful wand ;]* A Cane usually born by Schoolmasters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand of Mercury. SCRIBL. P. W.

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VER. 142. *Dropping with infant's blood, &c.]*

*First Moloch, horrid King, besmear'd with blood
 Of human Sacrifice, and parents tears.*

Milt.

All Flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145
 Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:
 The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
 And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus. Since Man from beast by Words is
 known, 149
 Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
 When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
 Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
 Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
 We never suffer it to stand too wide.

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VER. 148. *And holds his breeches*] An effect of Fear somewhat like this, is described in the viith Æneid,

Contremuit nemus———

Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos.

nothing being so natural in any apprehension, as to lay close hold on whatever is suppos'd to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuate these youthful Senators (tho' so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any *Master*.

SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 151. *like the Samian letter,*] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos. Pers. P. W.

VER. 153. *Plac'd at the door, &c.*] This circumstance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the Index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the Genius of human Nature points out the road to be pursued by those just entering into life. Ὁ δὲ γέρον ὁ ἄνω ἐσηκώς, ἔχων χαρτὴν τινα ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἑτέρᾳ ὥσπερ δεικνύων, ἔτ' Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c. P. W.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
 As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense, 156
 We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
 Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
 Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
 And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
 Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd, 161
 We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
 A Poet the first day, he dips his quill;
 And what the last? a very Poet still.
 Pity! the charm works only in our wall, 165
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
 There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry Muse gave o'er,
 There TALBOT funk, and was a Wit no more!
 How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast!
 How many Martials were in PULT'NEY lost! 170
 Else sure some Bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,

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 VER. 154.—*to stand too wide*] A pleasant allusion to the description of the door of Wisdom in the *Table of Cebes*, Οὐραν τὴν πύλιν.

VER. 159. *to exercise the breath;*] By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for Conversation and Verbal amusement for their whole lives. P. W.

VER. 162. *We hang one jingling padlock, &c.*] For youth being used like Pack-horses and beaten under a heavy load of Words, lest they should tire, their instructors contrive to make the Words jingle in rhyme or metre.

VER. 165. *in yonder House or Hall.*] Westminster-hall and the House of Commons.

Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can ;
And South beheld that Master-piece of Man.

Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant reign !
Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again ; 176

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VER. 174. *that Master-piece of Man.*] Viz. an *Epigram*. The famous Dr. South used to declare that a perfect *Epigram* was as difficult a performance as an *Epic Poem*. And the Critics say, “ an *Epic Poem* is the greatest work “ human nature is capable of.” P. W.

VER. 175. *Oh (cry'd the Goddess) &c.*] The matter under debate is how to confine men to words, for life. The instructors of youth shew how well they do their parts ; but complain that when men come into the world they are apt to forget their learning, and turn themselves to useful knowledge. This was an evil that wanted to be redressed. And this the Goddess assures them will need a more extensive Tyranny than that of Grammar schools. She therefore points out to them the remedy, in her wishes for *arbitrary Power* ; whose interest it being to keep men from the study of *things*, will encourage the propagation of *words* and *sounds* ; and, to make all sure, she wishes for another *Pedant Monarch*. The sooner to obtain so great a blessing, she is willing even for once to violate the fundamental principle of her politics, in having her sons taught at least *one thing* ; but that sufficient, the *Doctrine of Divine right*.

Nothing can be juster than the observation here insinuated, that no branch of Learning thrives well under arbitrary Government but the *verbal*. The reasons are evident. It is unsafe under such Governments to cultivate the study of *things*, especially things of importance. Besides, when men have lost their public virtue, they naturally delight in trifles, if their private morals secure them from being vicious. Hence so great a cloud of Scholiasts and Grammarians so soon overspread the light of Greece and Rome, when once those famous

To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
 Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
 Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the Council to a Grammar School ! 180

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Communities had lost their Liberties. Another reason is the *encouragement* which arbitrary Governments give to the study of *words*, in order to busy and amuse active Genius's, who might otherwise prove troublesome and inquisitive. So when Cardinal Richlieu had destroyed the poor remains of his Country's liberties, and made the supreme Court of Parliament merely *ministerial*, he instituted the *French Academy*, for the perfecting their language. What was said upon that occasion, by a brave Magistrate, when the letters-patent of its erection came to be verified in the Parliament of Paris, deserves to be remembered : He told the assembly, that *it put him in mind how an Emperor of Rome once treated his Senate ; who when he had deprived them of the cognizance of Public matters, sent a message to them in form for their opinion about the best sauce for a Turbot.* W.

VER. 176. *Some gentle JAMES, &c.*] Wilson tells us that this King, James the first, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerset ; and that Gondomar the Spanish Ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great prince was the first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty*, which his loyal Clergy transfer'd from God to Him. " The principles of Passive Obedience " and Non-resistance (says the Author of the *Dissertation on Parties*, Letter 8.) which before his time " had skulk'd perhaps in some old Homily, were talk'd, " written, and preach'd into vogue in that inglorious " reign." P. W.

For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,
'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign: 186
May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long!

“The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong.”

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VER. 181, 182. *if Dulness sees a grateful Day,—‘Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.*] And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian,

*nunquam Libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub Rege pio;*

But this I will say, that the words *Liberty* and *Monarchy* have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other by the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verse was thus,

*nunquam Libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub Lege pia,*

and that *Rege* was the reading only of Dulness herself: And therefore she might allude to it. SCRIB.

I judge quite otherwise of this passage: The genuine reading is *Libertas* and *Rege*: So Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the verb: It should be *exit*, not *exstat*, and then the meaning will be, that Liberty was never lost, or went away with so good a grace, as under a good King: it being without doubt a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one.

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all the Edi-

Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a fable shoal :
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends. 192

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tions of the Author of the Dunciad himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion mentioned above by Scriblerus, of the two words *Liberty* and *Monarchy*. Essay on Crit.

“ *Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd*

“ *By the same Laws herself at first ordain'd.*

Who sees not, it should be, *Nature, like Liberty*? Correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus* (even tho' the Author himself should oppugn) in all the impressions which have been, or shall be, made of his works. BENTL. P. W.

VER. 189. *Prompt at the call,—Aristotle's Friends*] The Author, with great propriety, hath made these, who were so *prompt, at the call* of Dulness to become preachers of the divine Right of Kings, to be the *friends* of *Aristotle*; for this philosopher, in his *politics*, hath laid it down as a principle, that some men were by nature made to serve, and others to command. W.

VER. 192. *Aristotle's friends.*] A Satire on SCHOOL PHILOSOPHY, which was founded in a corrupt Aristotelianism, and is the art of making a great deal from nothing, in Theology; and nothing from a great deal in Physics. W.

Ibid. *A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.*] The Philosophy of *Aristotle* had suffered a long disgrace in this learned University: being first expelled by the *Cartesian*, which, in its turn, gave place to the *Newtonian*. But it had all this while some faithful followers in secret, who never bowed the knee to *Baal*, nor acknowledged any strange God in Philosophy. These, on this new appearance of the Goddess, come out like Confessors, and make an open profession of the ancient Faith, in the *ipse dixit* of their Master. Thus far SCRIBLERUS.

Nor wert thou, Isis ! wanting to the day,
[Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]

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But the learned Mr. Colley Cibber takes the matter quite otherwise ; and that this *various fortune of Aristotle* relates not to his *natural*, but his *moral* Philosophy. For speaking of that University in his time, he says, *they seemed to have as implicit a Reverence for Shakespear and Johnson, as formerly for the ETHICS of Aristotle.* See his Life, p. 385. One would think this learned Professor had mistaken *Ethics* for *Physics* ; unless he might imagine the morals too were grown into disuse, from the relaxation they admitted of during the time he mentions, *viz.* while He and the Players were at Oxford. W.

Ibid. *A hundred head, &c.*] It appears by this, that the Goddess had been careful of keeping up a Succession, according to the rule,

“ *Semper enim refice : ac, ne post amissa requiras,*

“ *Anteveni ; & sobolem armento sortire quotannis.*

It is remarkable with what dignity the Poet here describes the *friends* of this ancient Philosopher. Horace does not observe the same decorum with regard to those of another sect, when he says *cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege Porcum.* But the word *Drove, Armentum*, here understood, is a word of honour, as the most noble *Festus* the Grammarian assures us, *Armentum id genus pecoris appellatur, quod est idoneum opus armorum.* And alluding to the temper of this *warlike breed*, our poet very appositely calls them a *hundred head*. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 194. [Tho' Christ-church] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the Editor ; and accordingly we have put it between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its *proper Deputies* ; nor did any College pay homage to Dulness in its *whole body*. BENTL. P. W.

VER. 196. *still expelling Locke*] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford

Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
 Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick
 On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerfdyck.

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to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the last Edit. of his works. P. W.

VER. 198. *Crouzaz*,] Author of a very absurd and abusive Commentary on the *Essay on man*.

VER. 198. *On German Crouzaz and Dutch Burgerfdyck*.] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houses should ride on horseback, who of late days, being gouty or unweildy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their german and dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honour'd with *Names*, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus. SCRIBL. P. W.

Tho' I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism, which directs us to keep to the *literal* sense, when no apparent absurdity accompanies it (and sure there is no absurdity in supposing a Logician on horseback) yet still I must needs think that the Hackneys here celebrated were not real Horses, nor even Centaurs, which, for the sake of the learned *Chiron*, I should rather be inclined to believe, if I were forced to find them four legs) but plain downright men, tho' Logicians: and only thus metamorphosed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, "Un Esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, ni gentillesse" UN GROS CHEVAL D'ALLEMAGNE." ARISTAR.

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, tho' auk-

As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
 To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall, 200
 Where Bentley late tempestuous went to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark:
 His hat, which never vail'd to human pride, 205
 Walker with rev'rence took, and lay'd aside.
 Low bow'd the rest: He, kingly, did but nod;
 So upright Quakers please both Man and God.

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wardly, at an elegant grecism, in this representation; for in that language the word ἵππος [Horse] was often prefixed to others to denote greatness or strength; as ἵππολαπαθον, ἵππόσλωσσον, ἵππομάραθρον, and particularly ΙΠΠΟΓΝΩΜΩΝ, a great Connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand. SCIP. MAFF. W.

VER. 199. *the streams*] The river Cam, running by the walls of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation. P. W.

VER. 202. *sleeps in Port.*] viz. "Now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So *Scriblerus*. But the learned *Scipio Maffei* understands it of a certain Wine called *Port*, from *Oporto*, a city of Portugal, of which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. *De Computationibus Academicis*. P. W.

VER. 205. *His Hat, &c.*—*So upright Quakers please both Man and God*] The Hat-worship, as the Quakers call it,

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VER, 207—*He, kingly, did but nod;*] Milton.

—*He, kingly, from his State*

Declin'd not————

Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
 Avaunt——is Aristarchus yet unknown? 210
 Thy mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it Prose again.

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is an abomination to that sect: yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the Courts of Justice and Houses of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them. P. W.

VER. 210. *Aristarchus*] A famous Commentator, and Corrector of Homer, whose name hath been frequently used to signify a complete Critic. The compliment paid by our author to this eminent Professor, in applying to him so great a name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 214. *Critics like me*→] Alluding to two famous editions of Horace and Milton; whose richest veins of poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose.—Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Aristarchus, in not boasting here of the *wonders* of his art, in annihilating the sublime; but of the *usefulness* of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper class; the words, *make it prose again*, plainly shewing that prose it was, tho' ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose it should return. Indeed, much is it

IMITATIONS.

VER. 210.—*is Aristarchus yet unknown?*

——*Sic notus Ulysses?*

VIRG.

Dost thou not feel me, Rome?

Ben. Johnson.

Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:
 Author or something yet more great than Letter;
 While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'er-tops them all.
 'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
 Dispute of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*, 220

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to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful task; and commission them to dismount what *Aristophanes* calls Πηχάθ' ἰπποβάμονα, all prose on horse-back. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 216. *Author of something yet more great than Letter;*] Alluding to those Grammarians, such as *Palamedes* and *Simonides*, who invented single letters. But *Aristarchus*, who had found out a double one, was therefore worthy of double honour. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 217, 218. *While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul—Stands our Digamma,*] Alludes to the boasted reformation of the *Æolic Digamma*, in his long projected Edition of *Homer*. He calls it *something more than Letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one *Gamma* set upon the shoulders of another. P. W.

VER. 220. *of Me or Te,*] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some discourses written: Had it been about *Meum* and *Tuum* it could not be more warmly contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of *Horace*, to read, *Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, or, *Te doctarum hederæ*—By this the

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VER. 215. *Roman and Greek Grammarians, &c.*] Imitated from *Propertius* speaking of the *Æneid*.

Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

To found or sink in *cano*, O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke :
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny, 225
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply :
 For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.

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learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about *Meum* and *Tuum*, which is a Mistake: For, as a venerable Sage observeth, *Words are the counters of Wise-men, but the money of fools*; so that we see their property was indeed concerned. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 222, *Or give up Cicero to C or K.*] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute too, whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in *as* or *a*. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it *Harmagora*; which Bentley rejects; and says Quintilian must be mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words: *Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.*—*Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.* W.

VER. 223, 224. *Freind—Alsop*] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style. P. W.

VER. 226. *Manilius or Solinus*] Some Critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical talents. P. W.

VER. 228. *Sc. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus*] The first a Dictionary-writer, of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute Critic; the third a collector,

In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal ; 230
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.
 The critic Eye, that microscope of Wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit :
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole, 235
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
 When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.

Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
 In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On learning's surface we but lie and nod.

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who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old Authors. P. W.

VER. 232. *Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.*] These men taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another. P. W.

VER. 239, 240. *Ah, think not, Mistress, &c.—In Folly's Cap, &c.*] By this, it appears that the Dunces and Fops, mentioned ver. 139, 140. had a contention for the Goddess's favour on this great day. Those got the start; but these make it up by their Spokesman in the next speech. It seems as if Aristarchus here first saw him advancing with his fair Pupil. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 241, 242. *Like buoys, &c.—On Learning's surface, &c.*] So that the station of a *Professor* is only a kind of legal Noticer to inform us where the *shatter'd* bulk of Learning lies sunk; which after so long unhappy navigation, and now without either Master or Patron, we may wish, with Horace, may *lie there still*.

Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
 And much Divinity without a Νῆς.
 Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block, 245
 Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.
 See! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
 And Metaphysic smokes involve the Pole.

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——— *Nonne vides, ut
 Nudum remigio latus?*

——— *non tibi sunt integra lintea;
 Non Di, quo iterum pressa voces malo.*

*Quamvis pontica pinus,
 Sylvæ filia nobilis,*

factus & genus, & nomen inutile. Hor. W.

VER. 244. *And much Divinity without a Νῆς.*] A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify *Genius* or natural *acumen*. But this passage has a farther view: Νῆς was the Platonic term for *Mind*, or the *first cause*; and that system of Divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind nature, without a Νῆς: such as the Poet afterwards describes (speaking of the dream of one of these later Platonists)

*Or that bright Image to our Fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw,
 That Nature——&c.*

P. W.

VER. 245, 246. *Barrow, Atterbury,*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity; Francis Atterbury Dean of Christ-church; both great Genius's and eloquent Preachers; one more conversant in the sublime Geometry, the other in classical Learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their several Societies. P. W.

VER. 247. *the heavy Canon*] Canon here, if spoken of *Artillery*, is in the plural number; if of the *Canons of the House*, in the singular, and meant only of *one*: in which case I suspect the *Pole* to be a false reading, and

For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read :
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it :
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

What tho' we let some better sort of fool 225
 Thrid ev'ry science, run thro' ev'ry school ?

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that it should be the *Poll*, or *Head* of that Canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *Paranomasia* or *Pun*. But what of that? Is any figure of Speech more apposite to our gentle Goddess, or more frequently used by her and her Children, especially of the University? Doubtless it better suits the Character of Dulness, yea of a Doctor, than that of an Angel; yet *Milton* fear'd not to put a considerable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been observed, that they were the Devil's Angels, as if he did it to suggest that the Devil was the Author as well of false Wit, as of false Religion, and that the Father of Lies was also the Father of Puns. But this is idle: It must be owned to be a Christian practice; used in the primitive times by some of the Fathers, and in latter by most of the Sons of the Church; till the debauch'd reign of Charles the second, when the shameful Passion for *Wit* overthrew every thing: and even then the best Writers admitted it, provided it was obscene, under the name of the *Double entendre*. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 248. *And Metaphysic smokes, &c.*] Here the learned Aristarchus ending the first member of his harangue in behalf of *Words*; and entering on the other half, which regards the teaching of *Things*; very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on METAPHYSICS, a kind of *Middle nature* between words and things: communicating, in its obscurity, with *Substance*, and, in its emptiness, with *Names*. SCRIBL. W.

Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme.

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VER. 255 [to 271. *What tho' we let some better sort of fool, &c.*] Hitherto Aristarchus hath displayed the art of teaching his Pupils words without things. He shews great skill in what follows, which is to teach things, without profit. For with the *better sort of fool* the first expedient is, ver. 254 to 258. to run him so swiftly through the circle of the Sciences that he shall stick at nothing, nor nothing stick with him; and though some little, both of words and things, should by chance be gathered up in his passage, yet he shews, ver. 259 to 261, that it is never more of the one than just to enable him to *persecute with Rhyme*, or of the other than to *plague with Dispute*. But, if after all, the Pupil will needs *learn* a Science, it is then provided by his careful directors, ver. 261, 262, that it shall either be such as he can never *enjoy* when he comes out into life, or such as he will be obliged to *divorce*. And to make all sure, ver. 263 to 267, the useless or pernicious Sciences, thus taught, are still applied perversely; the man of Wit *petrified* in Euclid; or *trammelled* in Metaphysics; and the man of Judgment *married*, without his parents consent, to a *Muse*. Thus far the particular arts of modern Education, used partially, and diversified according to the Subject and the Occasion: But there is one general method, with the encomium of which the great Aristarchus ends his speech, ver. 267 to 270, and that is AUTHORITY, the universal CEMENT, which fills all the cracks and chasms of *lifeless* matter; shuts up all the pores of *living* substances; and brings all human minds to *one dead level*. For if Nature should chance to struggle through all the entanglements of the foregoing ingenious expedients to *bind rebel wit*, this claps upon her one sure and entire

We only furnish what he cannot use, 261

Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse :

Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,

And petrify a Genius to a Dunce :

Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance, 265

Show all his paces, not a step advance.

With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,

We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.

Then take him to devellop, if you can,

And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.

But wherefore waste I words ? I see advance 271

Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France.

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cover. So that well may Aristarchus defy all human power to get *the Man out* again from under so impenetrable a crust. The Poet alludes to this Master-piece of the Schools in ver. 501, where he speaks of *Vassals to a name*. W.

VER. 264. *petrify Genius*] Those who have no Genius employ'd in works of imagination ; those who have, in abstract sciences. P. W.

VER. 270. *And hew the Block off,*] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a Statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts. P. W.

VER. 272. *lac'd Governor*] Why *lac'd* ? Because Gold and Silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank ; and the Governor must be supposed so, in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this Governor came from France ? Know, Why, by his laced coat. SCRIBL. P. W.

Ibid. *Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor*] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the

Walker ! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275
And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place :
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The first came forwards with an easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen. 280

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Governor should have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil : But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore : and were the Pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen ; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor ; but placeth the Whore first, as she usually governs both the other. P. W.

VER. 274. *stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.*] See Homer, Odyss. xi. where the Ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the Traveller, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the Travelling and the University Tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes ; and fashion adjudged it to the former ; so that this might well occasion the sullen dignity in departure, which Longinus so much admired. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 276. *And titt'ring push'd, &c.*] Hor.

Rideat & pulset lasciva decentius ætas. P. W.

VER. 280. *As if he saw St. James's*] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent Behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus. P. W.

When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
 Receive, great Empress ! thy accomplish'd Son :
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant ! never scar'd with God.
 The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake :
 The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake. 286

REMARKS.

VER. 281. *th' attendant Orator*] The Governor above-said. The Poet gives him no particular name ; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it.

SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 284. *A dauntless infant ! never scar'd with God.*] i. e. brought up in the enlarged Principles of modern Education ; whose great point is to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying *Names*. Amongst the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least, that we have never afterwards any occasion for the *Priest* ; whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to *finish what the Nurse began*.

SCRIBL. W.

VER. 286.—*the blessing of a Rake*] Scriblerus is here much at a loss to find out what this *blessing* should be. He is sometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune : but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects ; as something uncommon seemed to be prayed for. And after many strange conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair sex, he at length rests in this, that it was that her son might pass for a wit ; in which opinion he fortifies himself by ver. 316. where the Orator, speaking of his pupil, says, that he

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VER. 284. *A dauntless infant never scar'd with God.*]

—*sine Dis animosus Infans,*

Hor.

Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man,
Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past : 290

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Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd,

which seems to insinuate that her prayer was heard.— Here the good Scholiast, as, indeed, every where else, lays open the very soul of modern criticism, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expression hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the *blessing of a rake* signifying no more than that he might be a Rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itself. The careful mother only wished her son might be a *Rake*, as well knowing that its attendant *Blessings* would follow of course. W.

VER. 288. *he ne'er was Boy, nor Man.*] Nature hath bestowed on the human species two states or conditions, *Infancy* and *Manhood*. Wit sometimes makes the *first* disappear; and Folly, the *latter*; but true Dulness annihilates *both*. For, want of *apprehension* in Boys, not suffering that conscious ignorance and inexperience which produce the awkward bashfulness of youth, makes them *assured*; and want of *imagination* makes them *grave*. But this *gravity* and *assurance*, which is beyond *boyhood*, being neither wisdom nor knowledge, do never reach to *manhood*. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 290. *Unseen the young Æneas past: Thence bursting glorious,*] See Virg. Æn. i.

At Venus obscuro gradientes æë e sepsi,

Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,

Cernere ne quis eos;—1. neu quis contingere pressit;

2. Moliri ve moram;—aut 3. veniendi poscere causas.

Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him: to wit, 1. that no-body might touch or

Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.

Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew :

Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.

There all thy gifts and graces we display, 295

Thou, only thou, directing all our way !

To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,

Pours at great Bourbon's feet her filken sons ;

Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,

Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls : 300

To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,

Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines :

To Isles of fragrance, lilly silver'd vales,

Diffusing languor in the panting gales :

To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 305

Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.

But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,

And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps ;

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correct him; 2. might stop or detain him: 3. examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guesses why he came there. P. W.

VER. 303. *lilly silver'd vales,*] Tuberoses.

VER. 307. *But chief, &c.*] These two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens. W.

VER. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps ;*] The winged Lion, the Arms of Venice. This Republic heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her Naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illustrious for her *Carnivals*. P. W.

Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain.
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round, 311
 And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground;
 Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
 His royal Sense, of Op'ra's or the Fair;
 The Stews and Palace equally explor'd, 315
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
 Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
 All Classic learning lost on Classic ground; 321
 And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound!
 See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a Solo in his head;

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VER, 318. *greatly-daring din'd;*] It being indeed no small risque to eat thro' those extraordinary compositions, whose disguis'd ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome. P. W.

VER. 322. *And last turn'd Air, the Echo of a Sound!*] Yet less a Body than Echo itself; for Echo reflects *Sense* or *Words* at least, this Gentleman only *Airs* and *Tunes*:

—— *Sonus est, qui vivit in illo.* Ovid. Met.

So that this was not a Metamorphosis either into one or the other, but only a Resolution of the Soul into its true Principles; its real Essence being Harmony, according to the Doctrine of Orpheus, the Inventor of Opera, who first perform'd to a select assembly of Beasts. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 324. *With nothing but a Solo in his head;*] With
 VOL. V. O

As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit, 325
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
 Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
 And, if a Borough chuse him, not undone!
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
 Her too receive (for her my soul adores) 331
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,

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nothing but a *Solo*? Why, if it be a *Solo*, how should there be any thing else? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an *Opera*, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin. BENTL. W. P.

VER. 326. *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber,*] Three very eminent persons, all Managers of *Plays*; who, tho' not Governors by profession, had, each in his way, concern'd themselves in the Education of Youth: and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his Talents for this end, see Book i. ver. 199, &c. P. W.

VER. 331. *Her too receive, &c.*] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his note on ver. 272, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular interest in this lady. P. W.

Ibid. sons of whores,] For such have been always esteemed the ablest supports of the Throne of *Dulness*, even by the confession of those her most *legitimate* Sons, who have unfortunately wanted that advantage. The illustrious *Vanini* in his divine encomium on our Goddess, intitled *De Admirandis Naturæ Reginae Deæque*

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VER. 332. *So may the sons of sons &c.*]

Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis. Virg.

Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long Posterity thy own.

Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero, and the Dame,
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense of Shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-listless Loit'ers, that attend 339

No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend.

Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair.

And heard thy everlasting yawn confess

The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.

REMARKS.

mortalium Arcanis, laments that he was not born a Bastard:
O utinam extra legitimum ac connubialem thorum essem pro-
creatus! &c. He expatiates on the prerogatives of a
free birth; and on what he would have done for the Great
Mother with those advantages; and then sorrowfully con-
cludes, *At quia Conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum*
bonis. W.

VER. 341. *Thee too, my Paridel!*] The Poet seems to
speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The
name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a *wander-*
ing courtly 'Squire, that travell'd about for the same rea-
son, for which many young Squires are now fond of tra-
velling, and especially to *Paris*. P. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack—*
And heard &c.

Sedet, æternumque sedebit,
Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes
Admonet—

Virg.

She pity'd! but her Pity only shed 345
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,
False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio
dines, 350

Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on funny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

Grant, gracious Goddess, grant me still to cheat!
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit! 356

REMARKS.

VER. 347. *Annius*,] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity; but our Annius had a more substantial motive. P. W.

VER. 348. *well-dissembled em'rald on his hand*] The Poet seems here, as Wits are ever licentious, to upbraid this useful member of Society for his *well dissembled em'rald*; whereas in truth it was by that circumstance he should have been commended. This worthy person, was, I suppose, a Factor between the poor and rich, to supply these, with their imaginary wants, and to relieve

IMITATIONS.

VER. 355. ———grant me still to cheat!
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!]

———*Da, pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere*———

Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem.

Hor.

Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head.
 So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Cæsars, other Homers rise ; 360
 Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
 Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owl,

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those from their real ones. Now I ask how can this Factorage be carried on without well dissembling. The rich man wants an Em'rald ; his want is allowed on all hands to be imaginary. And what fitter for an imaginary want than an imaginary Em'rald ? For Philosophers agree, that *imagination*s are not to be cured by their contrary *realities* ; but to be removed, if troublesome, by other imaginations ; and these again in their turn, by other. Consider it in another light. An Em'rald, we agree, is an imaginary want ; but an Em'rald of Golconda is much more so. Now if, in a *true Em'rald of France*, the colour, the lustre, and the bulk, be all improved, what is wanting in it, that may be thought to concur to that solid happiness, which we find an Em'rald is capable of giving to enlarged, and really improved minds ? Truly, nothing but that Golcondical substantial Form, which is neither seen, felt, nor understood ; a certain essentiuncle, or as we may say, *esprit folet*, with which Substances have been for many ages possessed, but is lately sneaked out of matter, is no longer in nature, nor, (what is more to the purpose) no longer in fashion.

SCRIBL. W.

VER. 355. *still to cheat,*] Some read *skill*, but this is frivolous ; for Annius hath that skill already ; or if he had not *skill* were not wanting to cheat such persons.

BENTL. P. W.

VER. 361. *hunt th' Athenian fowl,*] The Owl stamp'd on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens.

Which Chalcis Gods, and Mortals call an Owl,

Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
 Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;
 Be rich in ancient brasse, tho' not in gold, 365
 And keep his Lares, tho' his house be sold;
 To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
 Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two. 370

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-
 renown'd,
 Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,

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is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσιν Θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Κέρμινδιν. P. W.

VER. 363. *Attys and Cecrops.*] The first King of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbid all Images; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Annius's made a counterfeit medal of that Impostor, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman. P. W.

VER. 371. *Mummius*] This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burn'd Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or
 "broken, he should procure others to be made in their
 "stead;" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoso. P. W.

VER. 371.—*Fool-renown'd*] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, *renown'd by fools*, or *renown'd for making Fools*. P.

VER. 372. *Cheops*] A King of Egypt, whose body was

Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head:

Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor base!
Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race. 376
True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep. 380

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certainly to be known, as being bury'd alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatra's. This Royal Mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab was purchas'd by the Consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the Museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels; where that accurate and learned Voyager assures us that he saw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above-mention'd. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time. P. W.

VER. 375. *Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? &c.* The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings, as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a Corsaire of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Bourasque freed him from the Rover, and he got safe to land with the medals in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advis'd purgations, the other vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons; where he found his ancient friend the famous Physician and Antiquary, Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Du-

Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
 Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
 Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,
 I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine. 386

Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before
 Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the Medals with the meat. 390
 To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:

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four, without staying to enquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burthen he carried, first ask'd him *whether the medals were of the higher Empire?* He assur'd him they were. Dufour was ravish'd with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure; he bargain'd with him on the spot for the most curious of them; and was to recover them at his own expence. P. W.

VER. 383. *each Demi-God.*] They are called Θεοὶ on their Coins. P. W.

VER. 387. *Witness great Ammon!*] Jupiter Ammon is call'd to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those Kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian Empire, and whose *Horns* they wore on their Medals. P. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 383. *Receiv'd each Demi-God,*]

*Emissumque ima de sede Typhoëa terræ
 Cœlitibus fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse,
 Terga fugæ: donec fessos Ægyptia tellus
 Ceperit——*

Ovid.

There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft, obftetric hand.

The Goddeſſes ſmiling ſeem'd to give conſent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand they went. 396

Then thick as Locuſts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and ſhells fantaſtic crown'd,
Each with ſome wond'rous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
A Neſt, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r. 400

But far the foremoſt, two, with earneſt zeal,
And aſpect ardent to the Throne appeal.

The firſt thus open'd: Hear thy ſuppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'r, 405
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and fun, and ſhow'r.

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VER. 394. *Douglas*] A Phyſician of great learning and no leſs taſte; above all, curious in what related to *Horace*; of whom he collected every Edition, Tranſlation, and Comment, to the number of ſeveral hundred volumes. P. W.

VER. 397. *Then thick as locuſts black'ning all the ground*]

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VER. 405. *Fair from its humble bed, &c. named it Caroline!*

Each maid cry'd, charming! and each Youth, divine!

Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:

No Maid cries, charming! and no Youth, divine!

Theſe verſes are tranſlated from Catullus, Epith.

Ut flos in ſeptis ſecretus naſcitur hortis,

Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,

Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:

Idem quum tenui carptus deſloruit ungui,

Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c.

Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
 Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
 Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it CAROLINE:
 Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
 Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays, 411
 Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?
 Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
 No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
 And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
 Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in dust. 416
 Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades.

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The similitude of *Locusts* does not refer more to the numbers than to the qualities of the Virtuosi: who not only devour and lay waste every tree, shrub, and green leaf in their *Course* of experiments; but suffer neither a moss nor fungus to escape untouched. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 409. *and nam'd it Caroline*] It is a compliment which the Florists usually pay to Princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour; but none more than that ambitious Gardiner at Hammer-smith, who caused his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inscription, *This is My Queen Caroline*. P. W.

VER. 418. *Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades*] It is a trite observation, that men have always placed the happiness of their fancied *Elysium* in something they took most delight in here. The joys of a Mahometan paradise consist in young maidens, always virgins: Our modester Votary warms his imagination only with Carnations always in bloom; which, alluding, at the same

He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen.

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing 421
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.

I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r, 425
The rising game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r.

It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.

At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd:

Rose or Carnation was below my care; 431
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.

I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;

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time, to the perpetual spring of the old Elysian fields, give an inimitable pleasantry, as well as decorum, to the conclusion of his Pray'r. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race,*] The Poet seems to have an eye to Spenser, Muipotmos.

*Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
Which do possess the Empire of the Air.*

VER. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd, &c.]*

——— *I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon———*

Milton.

Whose spoil this paper offers to your eye, 435
 Fair ev'n in death! this peerless *Butterfly*.

My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts:
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
 But hear a Mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends. 440
 The common Soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
 A drowzy Watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stir'd; 445
 The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;
 The Mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of Moss; 450

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VER. 441. *The common soul, &c.*] in the first Edit. thus,
 Of Souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
 Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
 And most but find that centinel of God,
 A drowzy Watchman in the land of Nod.

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VER. 440. *our sleeping friends,*] Of whom see v. 345, above.

VER. 444. *And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.*] i. e. When the feast of life is just over, calls upon us to think of breaking up; but never watches to prevent the disorders that happen in the heat of the entertainment. W.

VER. 450. *a wilderness of Moss;*] Of which the Naturalists count I can't tell how many hundred species.

P. W.

The head that turns at super-lunar things,
Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

O! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study *Flies!*
See nature in some partial narrow shape, 455
And let the Author of the whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark; 460

REMARKS.

VER. 452. Wilkins' wings.] One of the first Projectors of the Royal Society; who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertain'd the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the Moon; which has put some volatile Genius's upon making wings for that purpose. P. W.

VER. 453. O! *would the sons of men, &c.*] This is the third speech of the Goddess to her Supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning Learning, Civil Society, and Religion. In the first speech ver. 119, to her Editors and conceited Critics, she directs how to deprave Wit and discredit fine Writers. In her second, ver. 175, to the Educators of Youth, she shews them how all civil duties may be extinguished, in that one doctrine of divine hereditary Right. And in this third, she charges the Investigators of Nature to amuse themselves in trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say; and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath managed it) what hath been said of true Wit, that *She neither says too little, nor too much.*

P. W.

VER. 459. *a gloomy Clerk,*] The Epithet *gloomy* in this line may seem the same with that of *dark* in the next.

Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,
 And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize :)
 Let others creep by timid steps, and slow, 465
 On plain Experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.

REMARKS.

But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of an irreligious Sceptic ; whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled Systems. P. W.

VER. 462. *When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,*] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions : according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate House. See *Craig's Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica*. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago ; it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary Power of our Goddess ; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray. P. W.

VER. 465—68. *Let others creep—thro' Nature led*] In these lines are described the *Disposition* of the rational Inquirer ; and the *means* and *end* of Knowledge. With regard to his *disposition*, the contemplation of the works of God with human faculties, must needs make a modest and sensible man timorous and fearful ; and that will naturally direct him to the right *means* of acquiring the little knowledge his faculties are capable of, namely *plain and sure experience* ; which tho' supporting only an hum-

All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride ! 470
 We nobly take the high Priori Road,
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God :
 Make Nature still incroach upon his plan ;
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can :

REMARKS.

ble *foundation*, and permitting only a very slow progress, yet leads, surely, to the *end*, the discovery of the *God of Nature*. W.

VER. 471. *the high Priori Road*,] Those who, from the effects in this visible world, deduce the eternal power and godhead of the first Cause, tho' they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the end of their creation, and the means of their happiness : whereas they who take this high Priori Road (such as Hobbs, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better Reasoners) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in Mists, or ramble after Visions, which deprive them of all sight of their end, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means.

P. W.

VER. 472. *And reason downward, till we doubt of God* :] This was in fact the case of those who, instead of reasoning from a *visible World* to an *invisible God*, took the other road ; and from an *invisible God* (to whom they had given attributes agreeable to certain metaphysical principles formed out of their own imaginations) reasoned *downwards* to a *visible world* in theory, of Man's Creation ; which not agreeing, as might be expected, to that of God's, they began, from their inability to account for *evil* which they saw in his world, to doubt of that God, whose being they had admitted, and whose attributes they had deduced *a priori*, on weak and mistaken principles. W.

VER. 473. *Make Nature still*] This relates to such as,

Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place; 475
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.

Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,

REMARKS.

being ashamed to assert a mere mechanic Cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it intirely, have had recourse to a certain *Plastic Nature, Elastic Fluid, Subtile Matter, &c.*
P. W.

VER. 475.

*Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place,
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.]*

The first of these Follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbs; the third of some succeeding Philosophers.

P. W.

VER. 477. *Or, at one bound, &c.]* These words are very significant: In their physical and metaphysical reasonings it was a *Chain* of pretended *Demonstrations* that drew them into all these absurd conclusions. But their errors in Morals rest only on bold and impudent *Affertions*, without the least shadow of proof, in which they *o'er-leap* all the laws of Argument as well as Truth. W.

VER. 478, &c.

*Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
See all in Self—]*

Here the Poet, from the errors relating to a Deity in natural Philosophy, descends to those in moral. Man was made according to *God's Image*; but this false Theology, measuring his attributes by ours, makes God after *Man's Image*: this proceeds from the imperfection of his *Reason*. The next, of imagining himself the final Cause, is the effect of his *Pride*: as the making Virtue and Vice arbitrary, and Morality the imposition of the Magistrate, is of the *Corruption* of his heart. Hence he centers every

Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
 See all in *Self*, and but for self be born : 480
 Of nought so certain as our *Reason* still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.
 Oh hide the God still more ! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee :
 Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought, 485
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,

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thing in *himself*. The Progress of Dulness herein differing from that of Madness ; one ends in *seeing all in God*, the other in *seeing all in Self*. P. W.

VER. 481. *Of nought so certain as our Reason still.*] Of which we have most cause to be diffident. *Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will* : two things the most self-evident, the existence of our Soul, and the freedom of our Will. P. W.

VER. 484. *Such as Lucretius drew,*] Lib. i. ver. 57.

*Omnis enim per se Divam natura necesse'st
 Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,
 Semota ab nostris rebus, summotaque longe—
 Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira ;*

from whence the two verses following are translated ; and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddesses.

SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 487. *Or that bright Image*] *Bright Image* was the title given by the later Platonists to that Vision of *Nature*, which they had formed out of their own fancy, so bright, that they call'd it Αὐτοπτον Ἀλμα, or the *Self-seen Image*, i. e. seen by its own light. W.

While thro' Poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves ; 490

REMARKS.

VER. 487. *Or that bright Image*] i. e. Let it be either the *Chance God* of Epicurus, or the FATE, of this Goddess. W.

VER. 488. *Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw,*] Thus this Philosopher calls upon his Friend, to partake with him in these Visions :

“ To-morrow, when the Eastern Sun
“ With his first Beams adorns the front
“ Of yonder Hill, if you're content
“ To wander with me in the Woods you see,
“ We will pursue those Loves of ours,
“ By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs :

“ and invoking first the *Genius* of the *Place*, we'll try to obtain at least some faint and distant view of the *Sovereign Genius* and *first Beauty*.” *Charact.* Vol. ii. pag. 245.

This *Genius* is thus apostrophized (pag. 345.) by the same philosopher:

“ — O glorious *Nature* !
“ Supremely fair, and sovereignly good !
“ All-loving, and all-lovely ! all divine !
“ Wise Substitute of Providence ! *impower'd*
“ *Creatress* ! or *impow'ring Deity*,
“ *Supreme Creator* !
“ Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

Sir *Isaac Newton* distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. (Princ. Schol. gen. sub. fin.)—
Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas & attributa & per sapientissimas & optimas rerum structuras, & causas finales ; veneramur autem & colimus ob dominium. Deus etenim sine dominio, providentia, & causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam Fatum & Natura. P. W.

That NATURE our Society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.

REMARKS.

VER. 489. *rowes—Or wanders wild in Academic Groves.*] “ Above all things I lov’d *Ease*, and of all Philosophers
“ those who reason’d most *at their Ease*, and were never
“ angry or disturb’d, as those call’d *Sceptics* never were.
“ I look’d upon this kind of Philosophy as the *prettiest*,
“ *agreeablest*, *rowing Exercise of the mind*, possible to be
“ imagined.” Vol. ii. p. 206. P. W.

VER. 491. *That Nature our Society adores,*] See the *Pantheisticon*, with its liturgy and rubrics, composed by Toland; which very lately, for the Edification of the Society, has been translated into English, and sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. W.

VER. 492. *Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.*] It cannot be denied but that this fine stroke of satire against Atheism was well intended. But how must the Reader smile at our Author’s officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as soon have found a Wolf in England as an *Atheist*? The truth is, the whole species was exterminated. There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the Author of the achievement. Some, as Dr. Ashenhurst, gave it to Bentley’s *Boylean Lectures*: And he so well convinced that great Critic of the truth, that wherever afterwards he found *Atheist*, he always read it *A Theist*. But, in spite of a claim so well made out, others give the honour of this exploit to a later *Boylean Lecturer*. A judicious Apologist for Dr. Clarke, against Mr. Whiston, says, with no less elegance, than positiveness of Expression. *It is a most certain truth that the Demonstration of the being and attributes of God has extirpated and banished Atheism out of the Christian world*, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the clearest truths have still their dark side. Here we see it becomes a doubt which of the two Hercules’s was the Monster-queller. But what of that?

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy Sire,
 And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of fire; 494
 Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down:
 Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown.
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddess *Dame*.
 Then thus. From Priest-craft happily set free,
 Lo! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee: 500
 First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,
 Then dupe to Party; child and man the same;

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Since the thing is done, and the proof of it so *certain*,
 there is no occasion for so nice a canvassing of circum-
 stances. SCRIBL. W.

Ibid. *Silenus*] *Silenus* was an Epicurean Philosopher, as
 appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he sings the prin-
 ciples of that Philosophy in his drink. P. W.

VER. 494. *seeds of Fire*;) The Epicurean language,
Semina rerum, or Atoms. Virg. Eclog. vi. *Semina ignis—*
semina flammæ. P. W.

VER. 499. 500. *From Priest-craft happily set free,*
Lo! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee:]

The learned Scriblerus is here very whimsical. It would
 seem, says he, by this, as if the PRIESTS (who are al-
 ways plotting mischief against the *Law of Nature*) had in-
 veigled these harmless Youths from the bosom of their
 Mother, and kept them in open rebellion to her, till Si-
 lenus broke the charm, and restored them to her indul-
 gent arms. But this is so singular a fancy, and at the same
 time so unsupported by proof, that we must in common
 justice acquit them of all suspicions of this kind. W.

VER. 501. *First slave to Words, &c.*] A recapitulation
 of the whole Course of modern Education describ'd in
 this book, which confines Youth to the study of *Words*

Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 505
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen?
 Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth :
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down, in Pension, or in Punk ! 510
 So K* so B** sneak'd into the grave,
 A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave.
 Poor W** nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now ? his Chaplain on his Tomb.
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast !
 Thy *Magus*, Goddesses ! shall perform the rest. 516
 With that, a WIZARD OLD his *Cup* extends ;
 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,

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only in Schools ; subjects them to the authority of *Systems* in the Universities ; and deludes them with the names of *Party distinctions* in the World. All equally concurring to narrow the understanding, and establish slavery and error in Literature, Philosophy, and Politics. The whole finish'd in modern FREE-THINKING ; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes *Self-love* for the sole Principle of Action.

VER. 506. *smil'd on by a Queen.*] i. e. This Queen or Goddesses of Dulness. P. W.

VER. 517. *With that a Wizard old, &c.*] Here be-
 ginneth the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES of
 the Goddesses, which the Poet in his Invocation, ver. 5,
 promised to sing. For when now each Aspirant, as was
 the wont, had proved his qualification and claim to a par-

Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies : 520

REMARKS.

ticipation, the HIGH-PRIEST of Dulness first initiateth the Assembly by the usual way of *Libation*. And then each of the Initiated, as was always required, putteth on a *new Nature*, described in v. 530. *Firm Impudence, and Stupefaction mild*, which the Ancient Writers on the *Mysteries* call τῆς ψυχῆς ἑρμα, the great prop or fulcrum of the human mind. When the High Priest and Goddesses have thus done their parts, each of them is delivered into the hands of his Conductor, an inferior Minister or Hierophant, whose names are *Impudence, Stupefaction, Self-conceit, Self-interest, Pleasure, Epicurism, &c.* to lead them thro' the several apartments of her Mystic Dome or Palace. When all this is over, the sovereign Goddess, from v. 565 to 600 conferreth her *Titles and Degrees*; rewards inseparably attendant on the *participation* of the *Mysteries*; which made the ancient Theon say of them—καλλίστα μὲν ἔν. καὶ τῶν μεγίστων ἀγαθῶν, τὸ μυστηρίων μετ' ἑεῖν. Hence being enrich'd with so many various Gifts and Graces, *Initiation* into the *Mysteries* was anciently, as well as in these our times, esteemed a necessary qualification for every high office and employment, whether in Church or State. Lastly the great Mother, the *Bona Dea*, shutteth up the Solemnity with her gracious Benediction, which concludeth in drawing the Curtain, and laying all her Children to rest. It is to be observed that DULNESS, before this her Restoration, had her Pontiffs in *Partibus*; who from time to time held her *Mysteries* in secret, and with great privacy. But now, on her Re-establishment, she celebrateth them, like those of the *Cretans* (the most ancient of all *Mysteries*) in open day, and offereth them to the inspection of all men.

SCRIBL. W.

Ibid. *his Cup—Which whoso tastes, &c.*] *The cup of Self-love* which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of

A Feather, shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
 Lost is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing;
 And nothing left but Homage to a King!

REMARKS.

Friendship, or Honour; and of the Service of God or our Country; all sacrificed to Vain-glory, Court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of Lucre and brutal Pleasures. From v. 520 to 528. P. W.

VER. 518. — *forgets his former friends,*] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to set aside an *useless* friendship. For of all the accommodations of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable, so there are none of so little charge as friendship. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and respect; and at the same time is ready to give place to every passion that offers to dispute possession with it. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 523, 524. *Lost is his God, his Country—And nothing left but Homage to a King!*] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good Subject in a Monarchy: “Where (says he) *there is no such thing as Love of our Country, the Interest, the Glory, and the Service of the Prince, supply its place.*” *De la Republique*, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated French Author speaks, indeed, a little more disrespectfully; which, for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, “L’Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des premiers Heros, n’est plus regardé que comme une Chimère;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 518. *Which whose tastes, forgets his former friends, —Sire, &c.*] Homer of the Nepenthe, Odyss. iv.

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον ἔνθεν ἔπινον
 Νηπενθές τ' ἀχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἀπαντῶν.

The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs, 525
 To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs ;
 But, sad example ! never to escape
 Their Infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child
 Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild ; 530
 And strait succeeded, leaving shame no room,
 Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

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“ l'idée du Service du Roi, étendue jusqu'à l'oubli de
 “ tout autre Principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit
 “ autrefois Grandeur d'Ame & Fidelité.” *Boulainvilliers*
Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France, &c. P. W.

VER. 528. *still keep the human shape.*] The Effects of
 the Magus's Cup, by which is allegorized a *total* cor-
 ruption of heart, are just contrary to that of Circe,
 which only represents the *sudden* plunging into pleasures.
 Her's, therefore, took away the shape, and left the hu-
 man mind ; his takes away the mind, and leaves the hu-
 man shape. W.

VER. 529. *But she, good Goddess, &c.*] The only com-
 fort such people can receive, must be owing in some shape
 or other to dulness ; which makes some stupid, others im-
 pudent ; gives self-conceit to some, upon the flatteries
 of their dependants ; presents the false colours of In-
 terest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle
 pleasures or sensualities till they become easy under any
 infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under
 allegorical persons. P. W.

VER. 532. *Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.*] i. e.
 She communicates to them of her own virtue, or of her
 Royal Colleague's. The *Cibberian forehead* being to fit
 them for Self-conceit, Self-Interest, &c. and the *Cimme-*
rian gloom, for the Pleasures of Opera and the Table.

SCRIBL. W.

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes :
But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint, 535
Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.

On others Int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest, that waves on Party-colour'd wings :
Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise. 540

Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas ! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.

Great C **, H **, P **, R **, K *, 545
Why all your Toils ? your Sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule !
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

On some, a Priest succinct in amice white
Attends ; all flesh is nothing in his sight ! 550

REMARKS.

VER. 544. *The balm of Dulness*] The true *Balm of Dulness*, called by the Greek Physicians Κολακεία, is a *Sovereign* remedy against Inanity, and has its poetic name from the Goddess herself. Its ancient Dispensators were *her Poets* ; and for that reason our Author, Book ii. v. 207, calls it, *the Poet's healing balm* : but it is now got into as many hands as Goddard's Drops or Daffy's Elixir. It is prepared by the *Clergy*, as appears from several places of this poem : And by v. 534, 535, it seems as if the *Nobility* had it made up for them in their own houses. This, which *Opera* is here said to administer, is but a spurious sort. See my *Dissertation on the Silphium of the Ancients*. BENTL. W.

Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
 And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn:
 The board with specious miracles he loads,
 Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.
 Another (for in all what one can shine?) 555
 Explains the *Seve* and *Verdeur* of the Vine.

REMARKS.

VER. 553. *The board with specious Miracles he loads, &c.*] Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa miracula* (says he) according to Horace, were the monstrous fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the transformation of hares into larks, or of pigeons into toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted men upon spears, as we do larks upon skewers: and the fair pigeon turn'd to a toad is similar to the fair virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a table. Hares indeed might be cut into larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: Yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before-mentioned, of dissolving whole Oxen and Boars into a small vial of Jelly; nay it is expressly said, that *all Flesh is nothing in his sight*. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feast of Trimalchio, in vain: I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious Rite, as it is said to be done by a *Priest*, and soon after called a *Sacrifice*, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with *Libation* and *Song*. SCRIBL.

This good Scholiast, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of *french Cookery*, and that particularly *pigeons en crapeau* were a common dish. P. W.

VER. 556. *Seve and Verdeur*] French Terms relating to Wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

*Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur
 Villandri priseroit sa Seve & sa Verdeur.* Dépreaux.

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
 Thy Treuffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne!
 With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
 Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain, 560
 KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crouds un-
 done,
 To three essential Partridges in one?
 Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
 Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.
 Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
 The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees*. 566
 Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,

REMARKS.

St. Eyremont has a very pathetic letter to a *Nobleman in disgrace*, advising him to seek comfort in a *good table*; and particularly to be attentive to *these qualities* in his Champagne. P. W.

VER. 560. *Bladen—Hays*] Names of Gamesters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT Cashier of the South-sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first Quality of England, and even by Princes of the blood of France. P. W.

Ibid. *Bladen, &c.*] The former Note of *Bladen is a black man*, is very absurd. The Manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, *Wash Blackmoors white*, alluding to a known Proverb.

SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 567:

*Her Children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,]*

Ill would that Scholiast discharge his duty, who should

Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertú profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.

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REMARKS.

neglect to honour those whom DULNESS has *distinguish-
ed*: or suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare mo-
desty would have left them nameless. Let us not, there-
fore, overlook the services which have been done her
Cause, by one Mr. Thomas EDWARDS, a *Gentleman*, as he
is pleased to call himself, of *Lincoln's Inn*; but, in re-
ality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to speak
him better, in the plain language of our honest Ancestors
to such mushrooms, *A Gentleman of the last Edition*:
who nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful Father,
very early retained himself in the cause of *Dulness* against
Shakespear; and with the wit and learning of his Ancestor
Tom Thimble in the *Rehearsal*, and with the air of good
nature and politeness of *Caliban* in the *Tempest*, hath now
happily finished the *Dunce's progress*, in personal abuse.
For a Libeller is nothing but a Grub-street Critic run to
Seed.

Lamentable is the dulness of these Gentlemen of the
Dunciad. This *Fungoso* and his Friends, who are all
Gentlemen, have exclaimed much against us for reflect-
ing on his *birth*, in the words, *a Gentleman of the last
Edition*, which we hereby declare concern not his *birth*
but his *adoption* only: And mean no more than that he
is become *a Gentleman of the last Edition of the Dunciad*.
Since Gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it
proper to declare, that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is
here said to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's Ancestor, is only
related to him by the Muse's side. SCRIBL.

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here so well
exemplified, our Poet hath elsewhere admirably charac-
terized in that happy line,

A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead.

For the satire extends much further than to the person
who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of

Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :
 Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
 Or issue Members of an Annual feast.
 Nor past the meanest unregarded, one 575
 Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
 The last, not least in honour or applause,
 Isis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS.

Then, blessing all, Go, Children of my care !
 To Practice now from Theory repair, 580

REMARKS.

those on whom a good Education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain. That worthless Band

*Of ever listless Loit'ers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no Friend.*

Who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the offices of *civil* life; and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of *social*, become fit for nothing: And so turn *Wits* and *Critics*, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

VER. 571. *Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race*] The Poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent Race: He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a *Humming-Bird* or a *Cockle*, yet at worst they may be made Free-Masons; where *Taciturnity* is the only essential qualification, as it was the *chief* of the disciples of Pythagoras. P. W.

VER. 576. *a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.*] A sort of Lay-brothers, *Slips* from the Root of the Free-Masons. P. W.

All my commands are easy, short, and full :

My Sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne :

This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.

REMARKS.

VER, 581.

All my commands are easy, short, and full :

My Sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.]

We should be unjust to the reign of *Dulness* not to confess that Her's has one advantage in it rarely to be met with in modern Governments, which is, that the public *Education* of her Youth fits and prepares them for the observance of her *Laws*, and the exertion of those *Virtues* she recommends. For what makes men *prouder* than the empty *knowledge of Words*, what more *selfish* than the Freethinker's *System of Morals* ; or duller than the profession of true *Virtuosity*? Nor are her *Institutions* less admirable in themselves, than in the fitness of these their several relations, to promote the harmony of the whole. For she tells her Sons, and with great truth, that " all " her commands are *easy, short, and full.*" For is any thing in nature more *easy* than the exertion of *Pride* ; more *short* and *simple* than the principle of *Selfishness* ; or more *full* and *ample* than the sphere of *Dulness*? Thus, Birth, Education, and wise Policy, all concurring to support the throne of our Goddess, great must be the strength thereof.

SCRIBL. W.

VER. 584. *each Privilege your own, &c.]* This speech of *Dulness* to her Sons at parting may possibly fall short of the Reader's expectation ; who may imagine the Goddess might give them a Charge of more consequence ; and, from such a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate Running-Footmen, Jockeys, Stage-Coachmen, &c.

But if it be well consider'd, that whatever inclination

The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace ; 585
 With Staff and Pumps the Marquis lead the Race ;
 From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun ;
 The learned Baron Butterflies design,
 Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line ; 590
 The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call ;
 The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball ;

REMARKS.

they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally render'd harmless by their inability ; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design ; the Poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed, that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them. P. W.

VER. 585. *The Cap and Switch, &c.*] The Goddess's political balance of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, deserves our notice. It consists in joining with those Honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the Candidates. And thus her great Fore-runner, *John of Leiden*, King of Munster, entered on his Government, by making his ancient friend and companion, *Knipperdolling*, General of his Horse and Hangman. And had but Fortune seconded his great schemes of Reformation, it is said, he would have established his whole Household on the same reasonable footing. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 590. *Arachne's subtile line ;*] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, see the Phil. Trans.

P. W.

VER. 591. *The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call ;*] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn Dance, intitled *A Call of Sergeants*. P. W.

The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury!)
 An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;
 The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop, 595
 And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one Monarch more; 600
 And nobly conscious, Princes are but things
 Born for first Ministers, as Slaves for Kings,
 Tyrant supreme! shall three Estates command,
 And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE
 LAND!

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
 What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods? 606

REMARKS.

VER. 598. *Teach kings to fiddle*] An ancient amusement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a Republican.—*Make Senates dance*, either after their Prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia. P. W.

VER. 606. *What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?*] This verse is truly Hometical; as is the conclusion of the Action, where the great Mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey.—It may indeed seem a very singular Epitaphis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a *Great Yawn*; but we must consider it as the *Yawn of a God*, and of powerful effects. It is not out of nature; most long and grave Counsels concluding in this very manner: Nor without authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a *Roar*; but then it is the *Roar of a Lion*, the effects whereof are described as the Catastrophe of the Poem. P. W.

Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd;
 (St. James's first, for leaden G—— preach'd)
 Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
 The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak:
 Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn Unison went round:

REMARKS.

VER. 607. *Churches and Chapels, &c.*] The Progress of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth the Schools, where, tho' the boys be unwilling to sleep, the Masters are not: Next Westminster-hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddesses: Then the Convocation, which tho' *extremely desirous to speak*, yet cannot: Even the House of Commons, justly called the Sense of the Nation, is *lost* (that is to say *suspended*) during the Yawn (far be it from our Author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the Kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (tho' as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, tho' ever so momentary, could not but cause some relaxation, for the time in all public affairs.

SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 610. *The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak:*] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned Scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore, beware, Reader, lest thou take this *Gape* for a *Yawn*, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest: by no means the disposition of the Convocation; whose melancholy case in short is this: She was, as is *reported*, infected with the general influence of the Goddesses; and while she was yawning carelessly at her case, a wanton Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick, clap'd a *Gag* into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her *gaping*; and this distressful posture our poet here describes, is just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effect of Dulness and Malice unchecked and despised.

BENT. W.

Wide and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm ;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm :

The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept ; 615
 Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept ;
 And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign ;
 And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.

O Muse ! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short Memories, and Dunces none) 620
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest ;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest ;

REMARKS.

VER. 615, 618. These Verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this Poem of a fresher date. P. W.

VER. 620. *Wits have short Memories,*] This seems to be the reason why the Poets, whenever they give us a Catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the Daughters of *Memory*, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, *Iliad* ii.

Πληθὺν δ' ἔκ ἀν' ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι ἔδ' ὀνομήνω,
 Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδεις Μῆσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
 Θυγαῖρές, μνησαίανθ' —

And Virg. *Æn.* vii.

*Et meministis enim, Divæ, & memorare potestis :
 Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.*

But our Poet had yet another reason for putting this task upon the Muse, that, all besides being *asleep*, she only could relate what passed. SCRIBL. P. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 621. *Relate who first, who last resign'd to rest ;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest.]*

*Quem telo primum, quem postremum aspera Virgo
 Dejicis ? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis ?* VIR.

What Charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull;
Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right,
and Wrong—— 625

O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!

* * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing Hour
Resistless falls: The Muse obeys the Pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold
Of *Night* Primæval, and of *Chaos* old! 630

REMARKS.

VER. 624. *The Venal quiet, and, &c.*] It were a Problem worthy the solution of that profound Scholiast, Mr. Upton himself (and perhaps not of less importance than some of those so long disputed amongst Homer's) to inform us, which required the greatest effort of our Goddess's power, to *intrance the Dull*, or to *quiet the Venal*. For tho' the *Venal* may be more unruly than the *Dull*, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her Virtue to *intrance* than barely to *quiet*. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 629. *She comes! she comes! &c.*] Here the Muse, like Jove's Eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poesy, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the style of other prophets hath used the future tense for the preterit: since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in Divinity, Philosophy, Physics, Metaphysics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in such company.

VER. 629. *The sable Throne behold*] The sable Thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the Sciences, in the first place blot out the colours of *Fancy*, and damp the fire of *Wit*, before they proceed to their greater work. W.

Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread *Medea's* strain, 635
 The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
 As *Argus's* eyes, by *Hermes's* wand oppress'd,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night. 640
 See skulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of *Casuiſtry* heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.

REMARKS.

VER. 641. *Truth to her old Cavern fled,*] Alluding to the saying of Democritus, That *Truth* lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler says, *He first put her in, before he drew her out.* W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 637. *As Argus's eyes, &c.*]

*Et quamvis ſuper eſt oculorum parte receptus,
 Parte tamen vigilat——*

——*Vidit Cyllenius omnes*

Succubuiſſe oculos, &c.

Ovid. Met. ii.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 643. In the former Edd. it ſtood thus,

*Philosophy, that reach'd the Heav'ns before,
 Shrinks to her hidden cauſe, and is no more.*

And this was intended as a cenſure of the Newtonian philoſophy. For the Poet had been miſled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philoſophy had recurred to the occult qualities of *Ariſtotle*. This was the idea he

Physic of Metaphysic begs defence 645And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense*!

REMARKS.

received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing superficially. Had his excellent friend Dr. A. been consulted in this matter, it is certain that so unjust a reflection had never discredited so noble a satire. When I hinted to him how he had been imposed upon, he changed the lines with great pleasure into a compliment (as they now stand) on that divine Genius, and a satire on the folly by which he himself had been misled. W.

VER. 643. Philosophy, *that lean'd on Heav'n*] Philosophy has at length brought things to that pass, as to have it esteemed unphilosophical to rest in the *first cause*; as if its ends were an endless indagation of cause after cause, without ever coming to the first. So that to avoid this unlearned disgrace, some of the propagators of our best philosophy have had recourse to the contrivance here hinted at. For this philosophy, which is founded in the principle of *Gravitation*, first considered that property in matter, as something extrinsical to it, and impressed immediately by God, upon it. Which fairly and modestly coming up to the first Cause, was pushing natural enquiries as far as they should go. But this stopping, though at the extent of our ideas, and on the maxim of the great founder of this Philosophy, *Bacon*, who says *Circa ultimates rerum frustranea est inquisitio*, was mistaken by foreign philosophers as recurring to the *occult qualities* of the peripatetics: whose sense is thus delivered by a great Poet, whom indeed it more became than a Philosopher.

Sed gravitas etiam crescat, dum corpora centro

Accedunt propius. Videor mihi cernere terrâ

Emergens quidquid caliginis ac tenebrarum

Pellæi Juvenis Doctor conjecerat olim

In *Physicæ* studium:

Anti-Lucr.

To avoid which imaginary discredit to the new theory, it was thought proper to seek for the *cause* of *gravitation*

See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!

In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.

REMARKS.

in a certain *subtile matter* or *elastic fluid*, which pervaded all body. By this means, instead of really advancing in natural enquiries, we were brought back again, by this ingenious expedient, to an unsatisfactory *second cause*:

“Philosophy, that *lean’d* on Heav’n before,

“Shrinks to her *second cause*, and is no more.

For it might still, by the same kind of objection, be asked, what was the *cause* of that *elasticity*? See this folly censured, v. 475. and confuted in the following words of an excellent Philosopher, who having demonstrated the absolute impossibility of any *subtile matter* or *elastic fluid’s* being able to perform the office here assigned to it, as it must impell every particle of matter an infinite number of different ways at once, and incessantly; goes on thus
 “When it is said that *the higher we rise in the SCALE OF*
 “NATURE *towards the supreme cause, the views we have*
 “*from Philosophy appear more beautiful and extensive*; we
 “may observe that *the scale of material causes* in philoso-
 “phy is not like *the rising scale of Beings* in the creation:
 “tho’ the supposed *scale* here, seems to have been taken
 “from that. In the *scale of BEINGS*, the beginning is
 “low; and every species rises in perfection as we ascend:
 “There is an amazing variety, from dead matter, to liv-
 “ing spirit: nor does the gradation end there. This is full
 “of instruction and delight: we see our selves in the mid-
 “dle of the *scale*, and are certain of rising higher, as ra-
 “tional beings were not made for utter extinction. But it
 “is not so in a *scale of material CAUSES*. There are no
 “degrees of perfection in matter. All matter is equally
 “an unactive substance, that resists a change of its state.
 “The higher we had ascended in *such a scale*, we should
 “have met with the more obscurity. We see it is so in
 “reality to those who pretend to mount this way. The
 “*first sort of matter* might perhaps have been seen easily;
 “the *second*, but darkly; and the *third*, not at all. This

Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares *Morality* expires. 650

REMARKS.

“ had been the way for the Deity to conceal himself:
“ And this is the view which this philosophy endeavours
“ to give us. It is equivocal language to speak of rising
“ towards the *supreme cause through a scale of material*
“ *causes*. No Philosophy ever yet discovered the second
“ step of the *scale*. I see a stone fall. I am certain there
“ is but one step here. A *fluid* that impressed a crushing
“ force on a small piece of matter, would have as much
“ overcome my strength to wade thro’ it, as if I had en-
“ deavoured to walk in the bottom of an ocean of Mer-
“ cury, or something more dense. Thus we see their se-
“ cond step is a fiction, to divert the attention, and set us
“ a gazing at something that cannot be seen. The views
“ that we have from this Philosophy are indeed very dark
“ and mysterious. Philosophers speak of *not excluding the*
“ *Deity out of nature*, as of a favour: But they endeavour
“ to *exclude* him from every thing we can point out, to
“ discover him. They endeavour to make us easy, by
“ telling us, *he is every where active, and every where pre-*
“ *sent*: But at the same time they try to restrain his acti-
“ vity, to quadrate with their hypothesis; and make him
“ present, only that SUBTILE MATTER may exercise his
“ power and knowledge. Nothing can derogate more
“ from the Government and Influences of the Deity.”—
BAXTER. *Appendix to his Inquiry into the nature of the hu-*
man soul, p. 194. W.

VER. 645, 646. *Physic of Metaphysic, &c.*—*And Me-*
taphysic calls, &c.] Certain writers, as Malbranche, Nor-
ris, and others, have thought it of importance, in order
to secure the existence of the *soul*, to bring in question
the reality of *body*; which they have attempted to do by
a very refined *metaphysical* reasoning: While others of the
same party, in order to persuade us of the necessity of a
Revelation which promises immortality, have been as
anxious to prove that those qualities which are commonly
supposed to belong only to an immaterial Being are but

Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to shine;
 Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse *divine*!
 Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is restor'd;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:

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the result from certain dispositions of the particles of matter, and consequently that the soul is naturally mortal. Thus, between these different reasonings, they have left us neither Soul nor Body; nor, the Sciences of Physics and Metaphysics the least support, by making them depend upon, and go a begging to, one another. W.

VER. 647. *See Mystery to Mathematics fly!*] A sort of men, who make human reason the adequate measure of all Truth, having pretended that whatsoever is not fully comprehended by it, is contrary to it; certain defenders of Religion, who would not be outdone in a paradox, have gone as far in the opposite folly, and attempted to shew that the Mysteries of Religion may be mathematically demonstrated; as the authors of *Philosophic*, or *Astronomic Principles* of Religion, *natural* and *revealed*; who have much prided themselves on reflecting a fantastic light upon religion from the frigid subtilty of school moonshine. W.

VER. 649. Religion *blushing veils her sacred fires*,] *Blushing* as well at the memory of the *past* overflow of dulness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of Religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the *present*; of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However amidst the extinction of all other lights, she is said only to withdraw hers; as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal. W.

VER. 650. *And unawares Morality expires.*] It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different sentiments from the Author of the *Characteristics*, who has written a formal treatise on Virtue, to prove it not only real but

Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall ;

And universal Darknefs buries All. 656

REMARKS.

durable, without the support of Religion. The word *un-
wares* alludes to the confidence of those men, who sup-
posed that Morality would flourish best without it; and
consequently to the surprize such would be in (if any such
there are) who indeed love Virtue, and yet do all they
can to root out the Religion of their Country. W.

FINIS.



By the AUTHOR
A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: The said Haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them: Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, ^a beginning with the words

^a Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word *Books*, and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly it stood; Read also, "containing the entire sum of *one thousand, seven hundred, and fifty-six* verses," instead of "*one thousand and twelve* lines;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader! that the first Edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the Author (though living and not

The Mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic : And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our Example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand, seven hundred, thirty and two.

Declaratⁱ cor^o me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

blind :) The Editor himself confess'd as much in his Preface : And no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The Editor of this, had as boldly suppressed whole Passages, yea the entire last book, as the Editor of Paradise lost, added and augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten* books, his Editor *twelve* ; this Author gave *four* books, his Editor only *three*. But we have happily done justice to both ; and presume we shall live in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others.

BENTL.

A P P E N D I X.

I.

P R E F A C E

Prefix'd to the five first imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, in three books, printed at DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER ^a to the READER.

IT will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touch'd upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scriblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

^a *The Publisher*] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to *Durgen*, "that most judges are of opinion "this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the Poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their *Miscellanies*) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatch'd from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those *Miscellanies*, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with ^b pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a ^c hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; not to men-

the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the Number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common News-papers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrouled Licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common Enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their Names as was necessary to his design.

^b *pamphlets, advertisements, &c.*] See the List of those anonymous papers with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the Poem.

^c *about a hundred thousand*] It is surprizing with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Here the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) “ Tho’ I grant the Dunciad
“ a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I
“ read it with those *vain-glorious* encumbrances of Notes and Re-

tion Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the ^d author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked ^e no man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possess'd of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detain'd the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly ^f nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him: For if it

“ marks upon it, &c.---it is amazing, that you, who have writ
 “ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling Passion, should be so
 “ blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low avarice*
 “ *of Praise,*” &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.)

^d *The author of the following poem, &c.*] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

^e The publisher in these words went a little too far: But it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dullness, impudent scurrility, or self conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

^f *There is certainly nothing in his style, &c.*] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole Town gave it to Mr. Pope.

bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a labour'd (not to say affected *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well inform'd, that this work was the labour of full six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript,

*Oh mihi bisseños multum vigilata per annos,
Duncia h!*

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoens the *Lusiad*, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

The D U N C I A D.

It is styled *Heroic*, as being *doubly* so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically

g *The labour of full six years, &c.*] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the *Dunciad*. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney. "We are told it was the labour of six years, "with the utmost assiduity and application: It is no great compliment to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of "his life, &c. So also Ward, pref. to Durgin, "The *Dunciad*, "as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years "retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat "difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could "be so long in hatching, &c. But the length of time and closeness "of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good "opinion of it."

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.

h The prefacer to *Curl's Key*, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is "formed." Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dar'd to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the *Names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the *poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem*. I should judge that they were clap'd in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and chang'd from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the Hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirm'd him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

II.

A L I S T of
BOOKS, PAPERS, and VERSES,
In which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and satyrical on a late Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6 *d*.

A new Rehearſal, or Bays the younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714. price 1 s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occaſioned by his intended tranſlation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel [Tho. Burnet and G. Duckett eſquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715. price 9 d.

Æſop at the Bear garden; a viſion, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preſton. Sold by John Morphey, 1715. price 6 d.

The Catholic Poet, or Proteſtant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715. price 1 d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet ſhew at Bath, concerning the ſaid Iliad. By George Duckett eſq. printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What d'ye call it. Anon. [by Griffin a player, ſuperviſed by Mr. Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3 d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joſeph Gay [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1 s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's tranſlation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windſor Foreſt, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1 s. 6 d.

Satires on the tranſlators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6 d.

The Triumvirate: or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welſted] 1711, Folio, price 1 s.

The Battle of Poets; an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, Folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An Eſſay on Criticiſm, in proſe. By the Author of the Critical Hiſtory of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandria; with an ample preface
VOL. V.

and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley; printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements, in the public Prints.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. James Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A Letter about Therfites; accusing the author of disaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the translation of the character of Therfites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasion'd by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste Paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the mercenary Booksellers (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner—"The Confederates, a farce. "By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad.) An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show. By Col. "Ducket (for which he was put into the Dunciad.) Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was "for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put "into the Dunciad.)" And so of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforesaid Libels and Advertisements was forged and untrue; that all mouths had "been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise; and nothing "against him published, but by Mr. Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after] printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl, 12mo. price 6 d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6 d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. Curl, 12mo. price 6 *d.* With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6 *d.*

The Dunciad dissected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. by Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, sign'd W. A. Writ by some or other of the Club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philosciberus, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald. Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen: a plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana secunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*any thing which any body should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's should be inserted and published as theirs.*"

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Duckett and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of *Dulness and Scandal*, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-'Squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H——y.] Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-garden, octavo.

III.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes,
in Quarto, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the *DUNCIAD*, than has hitherto appear'd. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipt into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feign'd names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application;

whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: And the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *Obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *Secret*, which most people love to be let into, tho' the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *Persons* it was judg'd proper to give some account: For since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE,) it seem'd but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he liv'd, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinn'd upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffer'd; lest the correction only should be remember'd, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approv'd by all but those who are too much concern'd to be judges.

The imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the

most excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a Cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

IV.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the FIRST EDITION of
The FOURTH BOOK of the DUNCIAD,
when printed separately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that we publish this Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the *Library* of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detach'd pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefix'd to it, where it is said, that *the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it*: And from the declaration of the argument to the third book, that *the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad*. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, tho' perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next

edition more complete : In which we also promise to insert any *Criticism* that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the *Names* of the *Authors*; or any letters sent us (tho' not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

V.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the complete EDITION of 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on Man*, and have since finished another on the *Essay on Criticism*. There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of *Scriblerus*, and even to those written by Mr. *Cleland*, Dr. *Arbutnot*, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of Personal Reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving *This Poem*, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a *more considerable Hero*. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the Hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this Post, as has since obtained the *Laurel*: But since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to *him* or the *Dunciad*.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author: This person was one, who from every Folly (not to say Vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a *Vanity*: and therefore was the *man in the world who would least be hurt by it.* W. W.

VI.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

Printed in the J O U R N A L S, 1730.

W H E R E A S, upon occasion of certain Pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an *abuse*: we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these Gentlemen *bad authors* is no sort of *abuse*, but a great *truth*. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no *Wit*, or *Poet*, provided he procures a Certificate of his being really such, from any *three of his companions* in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis *singly*, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

VII.

A

P A R A L L E L
O F T H E
C H A R A C T E R S

O F

MR. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE.

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. D R Y D E N.

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Dryden is a mere renagado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense ^a. A true republican son of monarchical Church ^b. A republican Atheist ^c. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last ^d.

In the poem call'd *Absalom* and *Achitophel* are notoriously traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriously libell'd. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itself ^e.

^a Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6. ^b pag. 38.
^c pag. 192. ^d pag. 8. ^e Whip and Key, 4to. printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Preface.

VII.

A

P A R A L L E L
O F T H E
C H A R A C T E R S
O F

Mr. POPE and Mr. DRYDEN.

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. P O P E.

His P O L I T I C S, R E L I G I O N, M O R A L S.

MR. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning ^a. Some call him a popish whig, which is directly inconsistent ^b. Pope, as a papist, must be a tory and high flyer ^c. He is both whig and tory ^d.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments ^e.

In his Miscellanies, the Persons abused are, The KING; the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houses of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the Establish'd CHURCH, the present MINISTRY, &c. To make Sense of some passages, they must be construed into ROYAL SCANDAL ^f.

^a Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. xii. ^b Dunciad dissected. ^c Pref. to Gulliveriana. ^d Dennis, character of Mr. P. ^e Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728. ^f List at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. More, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6.

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor ^f. His very Christianity may be questioned ^g. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others ^h. With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility ⁱ.

Mr. DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautify'd (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre ^k. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his Versification, and whether he is to be enobled for that only, is a question ^l.

Mr. DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admir'd in the Augustean age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer ^m. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus carp'd at Virgil; and none but such unthinking Vermin admire its Translator ⁿ. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling Muse running on Carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket-racer.—He has numberless faults in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of expression.

Mr. DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin ^o.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster-school: Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a Paraphrase ^p. The meanest Pedant in England would whip a Lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly ^q. The Translator is mad, every line betrays his Stupidity ^r. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not understand his Author ^s. This

^f Ibid. ^g Milbourn, p. 9. ^h Ibid. p. 175. ⁱ pag. 39.
^k Whip and Key, Pref. ^l Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84.
^m Milbourn, pag. 2. ⁿ Pag. 35. ^o Pag. 22, and 192.
^p Milbourn, p. 72. ^q Pag. 203. ^r Pag. 78.
^s Pag. 206.

He is a Popish Rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings g. His Religion allows him to destroy Hereticks, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy Wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish Principles h. It deserved Vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less Infallibility than his Namesake at Rome i.

Mr. P O P E only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that commend it, nor has it any other merit k. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse l.

Mr. P O P E's H O M E R.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a Hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a Puddle in some Bog for his Hippocrene m. He has no Admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge n.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either Genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his Diction and the Harmony of his Versification—But this little Author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his Thoughts, nor English in his Expressions o.

Mr. P O P E understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little p. I wonder how this Gentleman would look, should it be discover'd, that he has not tran-

g Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. h Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. i Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9. k Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728. l Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom. m Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. n Ibid. p. 14. o Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Homer, p. 91. p Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.

shews how fit M. D. may be to translate *Homer* ! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but *ειχως* for *ιχως* must be the error of the Author : Nor had he art enough to correct it at the Press t. Mr. Dryden writes for the Court Ladies—He writes for the Ladies, and not for use u.

The Translator puts in a little Burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a Ragout to his cheated Subscribers w.

Mr. DRYDEN trick'd his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking ! A man ought to value his Reputation more than money ; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated Name x. *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's Motto, tho' it should extend to picking of Pockets y.

Names bestow'd on Mr. DRYDEN.

An APE.] A crafty Ape dress'd up in a gaudy gown—Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks with—None but Apish and Papish brats will heed him z.

An Ass.] A Camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all a.

A FROG.] Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro's Spirit ! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an Ox b.

A COWARD.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a Man of Mr. Dryden's own Courage c.

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jesus Christ : And if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, Servant to his Majesty d.

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited Fool e.—Some great Poets are positive Blockheads f.

A THING.] So little a Thing as Mr. Dryden g.

t Pag. 19.

u Pag. 144. 190.

w Pag. 67.

x Pag.

192.

y Pag. 125.

z Whip and Key, Pref.

a Milb.

p. 105.

b Pag. 11.

c Pag. 176.

d Pag. 57.

e Whip

and Key, Pref.

f Milbourn, p. 34.

g Ibid. p. 35.

flated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek ^q. He has stuck so little to his Original as to have his knowledge in Greek call'd in question ^r. I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's Excellencies which has so delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies ^s.

But he has a notable talent at Burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it ^t.

Mr. P O P E trick'd his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: But 'tis too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of the Project. The Subscribers expectations have been raised in proportion to what their Pockets have been drained of ^u. Pope has been concern'd in Jobs, and hired out his Name to Bookfellers ^w.

Names bestow'd on Mr. P O P E.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz. A P E, and they give you the same Idea of an Ape as his Face ^x, &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's skin from this little Ass ^y.

A FROG.] A squab short Gentleman—a little creature, that, like the Frog in the Fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allow'd to be as big as an Ox ^z.

A COWARD.] A lurking way-laying coward ^a.

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and nature have mark'd for want of common honesty ^b.

A FOOL.] Great Fools will be christen'd by the names of great Poets, and Pope will be call'd Homer ^c.

A THING.] A little abject Thing ^d.

^q Daily Jour. April 23, 1728. ^r Suppl. to the Profund, Pref. ^s Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66. ^t Dennis's Remarks, p. 28. ^u Homerides, p. 1, &c. ^w British Journ. Nov. 25, 1727. ^x Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. ^y Dennis, Rem. on Hom. Pref. ^z Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Locke, Pref. p. 9. ^a Char. of Mr. P. pag. 3. ^b Ibid. ^c Dennis Rem. on Homer, p. 37. ^d Ibid. p. 8.

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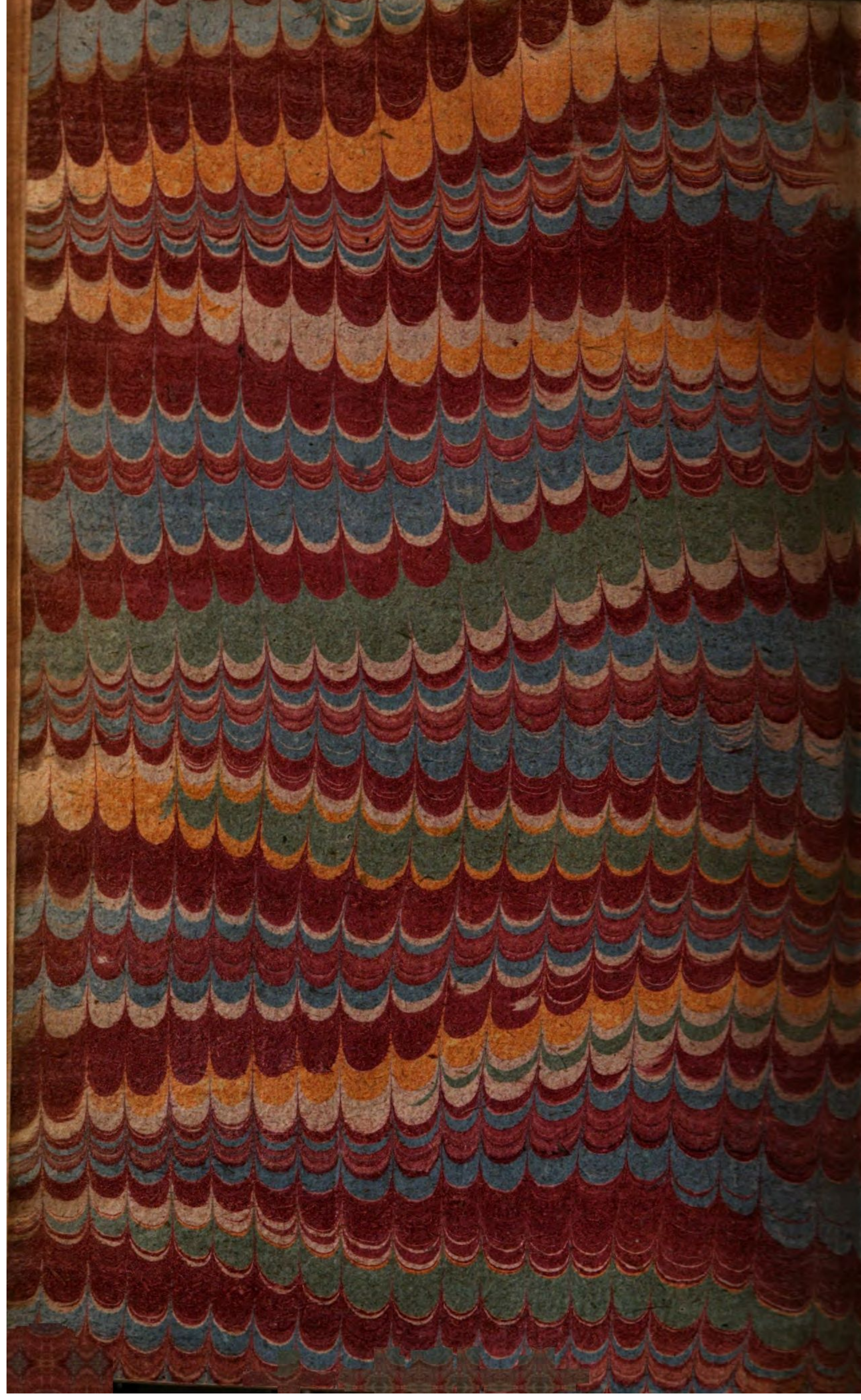
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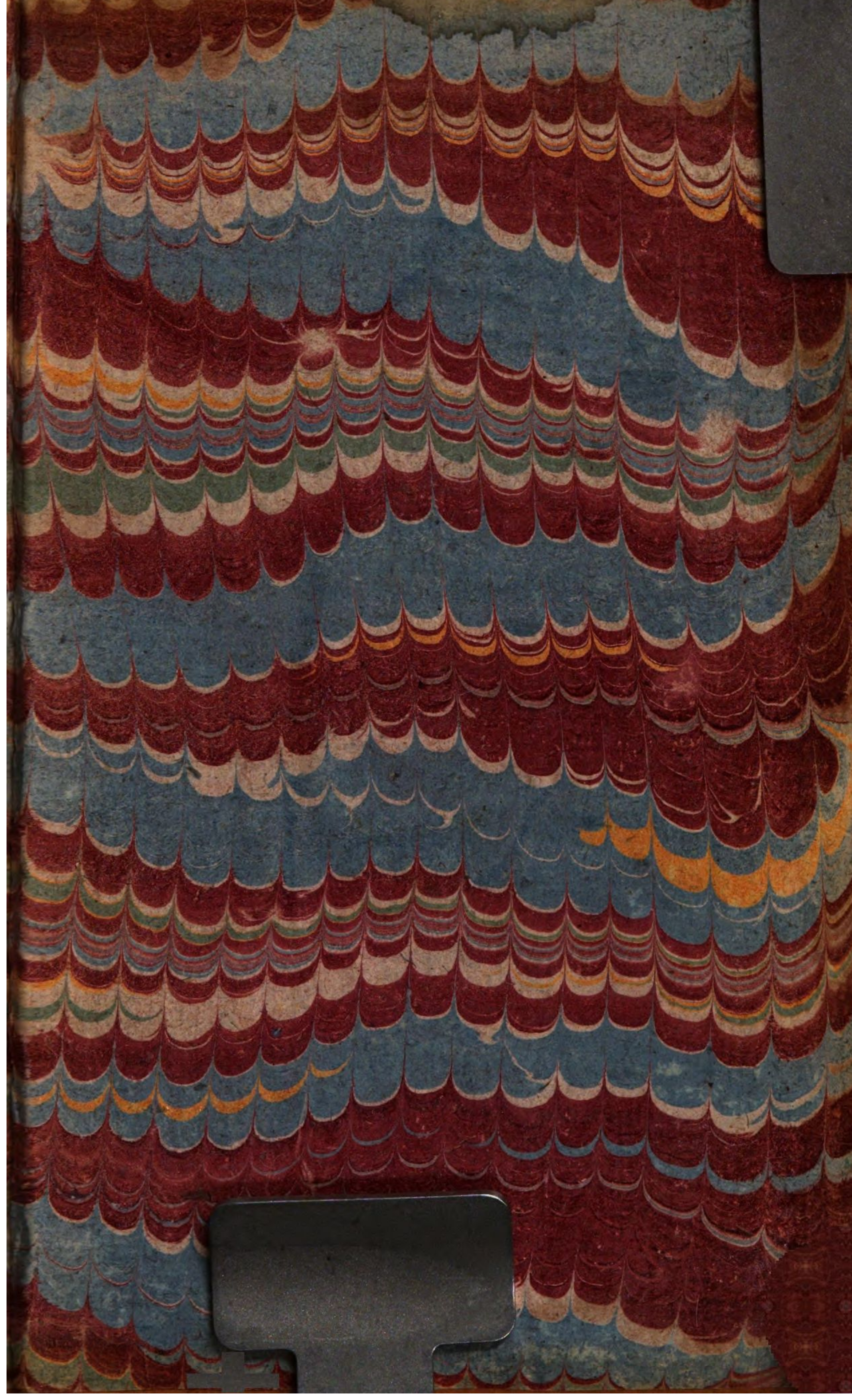
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